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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no
responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE German submarine "blockade" has begun; what the Allied reply will be is not yet publicly known. On Monday, at question-time, Mr. Asquith announced that the three Allies were considering what reprisals they would adopt, and a Note, probably a Joint Note, might be expected shortly. American diplomacy has not yet said its last word, and it is known that a further Note has been sent to Germany. In this some tentative proposals were made, it is believed, with the object of ascertaining whether the German Government would allow American Consuls to supervise the distribution of imported foodstuffs to the civil population. It appears that German commanders have for some time treated grain consigned to the United Kingdom as absolute contraband, for a Norwegian corn-ship has been sunk off South America by the "Kronprinz Wilhelm." The Scandinavian countries are said to be discussing the use of their warships to convoy their merchant ships through the danger zone, while Dutch opinion is still pre-occupied by the use of the Dutch flag by our ships. The Admiralty has closed the North Channel, save for the narrow passage between the Irish coast and Rathlin Island, and even this is open only in daylight.

THE first week of the "blockade" has yielded insignificant results from the German standpoint, but neutrals have paid full toll. Two large Norwegian ships

have been torpedoed in the Channel, the "Belridge" and the "Regin"; a third, the "Bjaerke," succumbed to a mine off the German coast. Two valuable American ships, the "Evelyn" and the "Carib," have been sunk by mines off the German coast while carrying cotton to German ports—a clear loss to the enemy. Our losses have been seven ships torpedoed, and one mined. The "Cambank" and "Downshire" were torpedoed in the Irish Sea, while four ships have been sunk off Beachy Head—the "Western Coast," "Oakby," "Harpalion," and "Parana." The two latter were large and valuable ships. The "Branksome Chine" was torpedoed off Hastings, and the "Deptford" mined off Scarborough. A few lives were lost, but in each case the crew as a whole was saved, though only in one instance (the little "Downshire") was any warning given. The vilest case of all was an unsuccessful attempt to torpedo the Folkestone packet while crowded with civilian passengers, off Boulogne.

THE catalogue seems a long one, but there is none the less no interruption or falling-off in the normal arrival and departure of cargo boats or liners. The figures must be measured against the total arrivals in our ports for the week (708) and the sailings (673), which fully maintain the year's weekly average. News has arrived of the capture of four British and one Norwegian boat by the armed-merchant-cruiser "Kronprinz Wilhelm," off the South American coast. The Navy has sustained a heavy loss of *personnel* by the sinking (it is not known by what means) of the armed-merchant-cruiser "Clan McNaughton," with all hands. On the other hand, two German submarines are reported overdue, and may have been lost. There are rumors that others are building for Germany at Antwerp. The Admiralty, our merchant service, and our people remain perfectly calm and confident under these outrages.

On the Eastern front the main fact is still the withdrawal of the Russians behind the system of rivers, forts, and swamps, which defends their extreme northern line. These positions along the Niemen, Bobr, and Narew Rivers have once before been successfully defended, and they are better served with railways than the Polish area. The defence will not be purely passive, and from several points the Russians have this week sallied out to meet the slowly marching invaders, who are clearly unable to keep up the pace which they attained on their own soil. Meanwhile, the fuller accounts of the Russian defeat in East Prussia do nothing to minimize its seriousness. The Russians admit that one army corps was entirely destroyed, though they insist that their Tenth Army re-treated fighting hard. The Germans now claim to have captured fully 100,000 prisoners in the battles and the pursuit, and they are finding the guns which the Russians buried or sank in the lakes to the number of over three hundred, including ten of heavy calibre. One line of the German advance is along the railway through Lyck, which crosses the Bobr at the fortress of Osowiec. Its object is presumably to cut the Petrograd-Warsaw railway some twenty miles behind the Russian lines. The other is down from Mlawa, and this force claims to

have taken the fortified camp of Przasnysz, with ten thousand prisoners. * * *

At the other end of the Russian front the fate of any Russian offensive turns on the issue of the big Austro-German turning movement through the Eastern Carpathian Passes. The enemy, after re-occupying the Bukowina, has now advanced northwards, into Eastern Galicia as far as Stanislaw. He is still fighting hard on the northern slopes of the Carpathians round Kosziowa and Wyzkow. Here, apparently, he is held by strongly entrenched Russian forces, and the chief danger comes from his wide turning move up the Dniester by Stanislaw, and still further west at Dolina. From this latter point a very short advance north-west would reach the railway line through Stry from Lemberg, and force the Russians to abandon their positions on the Carpathian slopes. The tone of the Russian messages is, however, confident, and suggests that the enemy's advance is being checked, but it has been rapid, and has gone dangerously far. An isolated Russian force is apparently still at Munkacs in Hungary, though how supported or supplied it is difficult to imagine. * * *

THE more sober hope of relieving the isolation of Russia and bringing to her the supplies and equipment which her armies need, rests on the early opening of the Port of Archangel. An effort to open the Black Sea is being strongly pressed. Last Friday the British and French fleets carried on a bombardment of the outer forts of the Dardanelles from long range. The Turkish guns were outranged and could make no effective reply, and it is believed that considerable damage was done. Firing at closer range afterwards silenced the forts on the European side. The bombardment was renewed on Saturday, and again on Thursday, with a close range attack which silenced all the outer forts. It is not probable that a naval attack without land support can force the Straits. The inner forts and the mines are a formidable obstacle, and in the narrows a ship, unable to manoeuvre rapidly, would present an easy target. If Greece came in, the forts might be taken in the rear. Failing this, a landing party from the ships, supported by their fire, might possibly suffice. There are rumors from several sources that the Russians are gathering an army at Odessa which will land at Midea on the Thracian coast, above the Tchataldja lines. * * *

In the Western campaign the most significant event this week was the issue of an order by General Joffre, in which the distinction (even in nomenclature) between the reserves and the active army is abolished. In six months of mingled warfare and instruction, the reserves, he declares, "have obtained all that cohesion" which they may have lacked on mobilization. This step suggests the moral preparation for a new phase of the war. The fighting in the trenches has again been comparatively uneventful, though, as usual, the continual skirmishing has involved appreciable losses. The enemy has been active chiefly around Ypres, Reims, and in the region of Verdun. The French have been enterprising in front of Perthes and in the Vosges, and report successes about Les Eparges in the Argonne, which resulted in very heavy losses in killed to the Germans. The German reply is a claim to have taken 600 French prisoners during the small affairs of recent days. The French admit some success by German massed attacks against their outposts on the Fecht River in the Vosges. Reims has been heavily bombarded, and the vaulted roof of the Cathedral has at last begun to give way. * * *

THE official British position on the question of treating food as contraband is disclosed in a note addressed to the United States Government. It marks an important change in our attitude. Originally the seizure of the "Wilhelmina's" cargo for decision by a Prize Court was justified on the ground that Germany had by a recent ordinance brought all imported food supplies under Governmental control. This clause relating to imports has since been cancelled. The note accordingly goes on to hint at a decision (which has not, we think, yet been taken), to treat all food as absolute contraband, as a measure of reprisal justified by the general German disregard of law. If Germans say that Scarborough is a fortified place, we may well say the same of Hamburg, and so confiscate food consigned to it. But the main point is simply that if Germany takes to piracy, we are bound to retaliate, and her food supply is the vulnerable place. This argument is open to the objection against all reprisals. They are endless, and should the Allies follow, even at a distance, the course that German brutality opens, the result may be the elimination of all that is left of mercy, legality, or chivalry in the war. A further note on the use of the neutral flag makes the welcome statement that our Government does not advise it as a general practice. Clearly it is useless as a measure of protection. It endangers neutral shipping, and prejudices our standing in the weaker neutral States. * * *

IN reply to Mr. Jowett, who inquired whether our Government approved of Russia's intention to occupy Constantinople permanently, Sir Edward Grey gave a cautious answer. What M. Sazonoff actually said was that the war with Turkey will help to solve the Russian problem of obtaining access to the open sea. With this aspiration, Sir Edward Grey said, we are in entire sympathy. "The precise form in which it will be realized will no doubt be settled in the terms of peace." For our part we hope that while Russia will obtain her free waterway through neutralized Straits, she will not enforce a claim on Constantinople. Such a conquest would enhance her Imperialist tendencies, and it would be regarded by Roumania and Bulgaria, which also are Black Sea States, as a threat to their independence. Roumania, through M. Bratiano, has issued a strong plea against "exclusive rule" on the Bosphorus. It may, indeed, be largely the fear of such an aggrandizement of Russian power which keeps them from joining the Allies. The ideal solution would be the creation of a little neutral State under European guardianship, with the Straits and "the City" as its territory. * * *

THE Government have taken an important step with a view to securing war preparations against the interruptions of labor strife. Sir George Askwith, Sir Francis Hopwood, and Sir George Gibb are to act as a tribunal to report on any industrial dispute in the essential establishments, and to advise the Government. The setting up of this tribunal does not, we imagine, carry with it compulsion; for that an Act of Parliament would be needed. But it provides machinery for immediate settlement. The officials nominated are men of experience and judgment, whose impartiality nobody would call in question, and the tone of the Labor leaders who have discussed the Government's action shows that there is a general agreement on the necessity of preserving our productive power unimpaired and unbroken. The first to appeal to this tribunal are the London dockers, who had asked in vain for a conference with the masters. * * *

THERE are several disputes in progress, and the new tribunal will have its hands full. A prolonged conference at Newcastle between the associated trade unions, representing the skilled workmen, and the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, over an application for an increase in wages has come to nothing, and both sides are now to meet the committee of three. On the Clyde matters have reached a more critical stage, and a ballot of the engineers has been overwhelmingly unfavorable to the acceptance of the counter-offer of the employers. At Armstrong's Works at Elswick, where there has been a dispute over the terms on which unskilled labor should be employed, peace has been made, virtually on the men's terms.

* * *

THE Labor Members, who approved of the creation of this tribunal, laid great stress on the necessity of raising wages. In this connection, the Government have set a welcome example in the case of the railways, where war bonuses are to be given of 3s. a week to men earning less than 30s., and 2s. a week to men earning more. This is likely to have important consequences in other industries, and it makes it still more necessary to raise the wages of agricultural labor. There have been a number of conferences of farmers and Chambers of Agriculture this week, and the demand for the employment of children has been pressed strongly. Sir Harry Verney resisted this attempt in the House of Commons on Thursday, and recommended the farmers to pay higher wages, or in special circumstances to try Belgian or Irish labor. Mr. Pease also "absolutely declined" to introduce legislation in favor of child-labor, and spoke with proper contempt of the abuses which exist. The Government have appointed a strong committee (Mr. Vaughan Nash is Chairman and Professor Ashley a member) to consider the high price of coal.

* * *

THANKS to the House of Lords, the House of Commons is now able to play a subordinate part in restoring some of those liberties of the subject which the Defence of the Realm Act took away from him. But the Amending Bill is a very inadequate one, and Sir John Simon defended its shortcomings in terms well suited to the lips and times of Lord Eldon. Its chief defect is that it does not come up to Lord Parmoor's claim that the civil courts ought to be open to civilians whenever and wherever they are able to sit, a proposition which, according to Coke, is of the essence of the British Constitution. At no time during the seven months of the war has it been even alleged by Sir John Simon or anybody else that the complete availability of the civil tribunals has ceased to exist. Why, then, is it not provided that for the future these courts shall adjudicate on all civilians in the realm save when this essential condition cannot be fulfilled? The only concrete example of such a state of things that we can conceive is that of invasion. For we cannot assume that the Government meant to set up martial law in order to deal with social troubles, such as a strike for higher wages to meet the rise in prices.

* * *

As things stand, the Amending Bill only provides that an accused civilian may have an option of trial by his peers, provided he gives four days' notice of his desire to go before a civil court. Even this right is not extended to aliens, friendly or unfriendly; for, according to Sir John Simon, it is merely a "privilege" of British citizenship. Is justice, then, a "privilege," and not a "right"? Have we two sorts of justice, a more informed, deliberate, and fair kind of justice, and a more ignorant, hasty, and prejudiced one? And may the former be (with difficulty, and as a mere act of grace)

applied only to British people, and the other to strangers, friendly or unfriendly? Did Sir John Simon ever hear of a writer called Plato, and of what he said about justice? Finally, the Executive proposes under this Bill to give itself the power to restore the original Act (i.e., to set up martial law), both in the case of invasion and of other "special emergency arising out of the present war." The last phrase is simply a fresh annulment of the Constitution, and we hope the House of Commons will never consent to its passage. We agree with the "Manchester Guardian" that the whole difficulty could be met by a form of words restoring to the civil courts their full powers, save in cases in which, owing to invasion, they were prevented from sitting.

* * *

A SOMEWHAT mysterious mutiny is reported from Singapore, which entailed a heavy casualty list among the white officers of the garrison and the civil population. It was confined to the 5th Light Infantry, a "class" regiment, recruited exclusively among the Mohammedans of the Punjab. The only official explanation is that it was due to discontent "concerning recent promotions," and it is, by implication, denied that any political or Pan-Islamic motive was at work. In repressing the riot it was necessary to call out, not merely the Sikhs, who remained loyal, and the local volunteers, but landing parties from British, French, and Japanese ships. The killed include six officers, thirteen men, and fourteen civilians, not to mention the loyal Indians and the Japanese. The riot was quelled.

* * *

THE modified form of the State scheme for assisting the dye industry appears likely to go through. The company has been registered, and about half the capital required to earn the Government's subsidy has been promised. The total capital has been cut down from three millions to two millions, the Government contribution being one million, on the basis of a twenty-five years' loan at 4 per cent. £100,000 is to be spent on research work at the rate of £10,000 a year. This provision, the most valuable in the scheme, is, we think, inadequate, and should be greatly enlarged, especially as the company is not to have a strict monopoly and might be compelled to give way before a stiff German competition after the war. Mr. Runciman's able exposition of the plan was, on the whole, received in a spirit of modified acceptance.

* * *

DURING the Boer War Lord Salisbury gave a characteristic description of the helplessness of the War Office in dealing with contractors. The strange story of Mr. Meyer, which has been coaxed into the light by the skill and perseverance of the "Daily Chronicle," suggests that we have still a great deal to learn in the art of self-defence. Mr. Meyer is good enough to buy timber for the Government for a commission of 2½ per cent. up to £600,000, of 2 per cent. on the next £400,000, and of 1½ per cent. beyond that figure. According to the "Daily Chronicle," the ordinary terms are 1 per cent. One would imagine from these terms that instead of there being several timber merchants anxious to buy for the Government, there were several Governments anxious for the service of Mr. Meyer. The answers of Ministers to the inquiries of Members do not help to elucidate the reasons for Mr. Meyer's remuneration, or indeed for his employment. "He was selected after careful inquiries." But from whom? It appears that no leading firm in the trade was included in the inquiry; that Mr. Meyer himself was not even on the War Office list. The Ministers concerned seem still to think that his appointment was a rare bargain for the nation, but the House of Commons will need further evidence before it can share their optimism.

Politics and Affairs.

THE RETORT ON GERMAN LAWLESSNESS.

WE advise those who would learn what modern war means to read Sir Edward Grey's letter to Mr. Hoover, the Chairman of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium. It must have given equal pain to the writer and the receiver. What is its theme? It deals not with pain and death on the battlefield and in the hospital, but only with an indirect, incidental effect of the war in a quarter of the world sealed by European treaty against its operations. In this country, Mr. Hoover informs us, about one person in five is in a state of absolute destitution. In a few months this condition of hopeless mendicancy will extend to about one in three of the population. These men and women and children are being fed by international charity. And on those who are not so fed, the occupying army, having rooted up their governing and industrial system, burned their towns and historic memorials, and massacred many of their citizens, has levied a monthly contribution of £1,600,000, in addition to new punitive taxes of a crushing character. This martyrdom of a nation has not been unmarked in the neutral world, and an American citizen of great ability and public spirit has just contrived, by loan and by gift, to keep the wolf from its door. By "pure charity" Mr. Hoover has distributed about half-a-million's worth of food a month, and he has raised a much larger amount by loan. This precarious deed of mercy may at any moment come to an end. To avert its collapse, Mr. Hoover has appealed to the belligerents. All that he asked of the German conquerors was to permit him to feed the starving. So long as the requisitions of food went on, the German answer must, in effect, have been a refusal. They have now been stopped in eastern Belgium, though not, it would appear, in the west. But the requisitions of money continue, so that while the masters and destroyers of Belgium no longer in form withhold food from some Belgian mouths, we may assume that, having regard to the impoverished condition of the country, they are about to close other mouths against it. Under these circumstances, our own Government has refused to add to its first gift of £100,000, and starving Belgium's only resource is to become, in Mr. Hoover's words, the ward of the world.

Now, we say with frankness that we regret this decision, which we can well believe to have been taken with hesitation. So long as Germany merely stole for her own soldiers, directly or indirectly, the bread designed for Belgium, we could not, of course, subscribe to the provisioning of her armies. But this practice seems to have been largely, if not entirely, abandoned. We gather that the American supplies are now hall-marked for Belgian use. The assumption is that they go to people who are starving, and who therefore pay no taxes, and on whom no contributions of money can be levied. Now this country has undertaken solemn obligations to the Belgian nation. It has said in effect, "Whatever you Germans say, or plot, or do, Belgium shall live and not die." But Belgium would succumb, whether its extinction were effected by the starvation of its body or by the destruction

of its soul. There is no reason whatever to suppose that if Mr. Hoover's fund dries up, the Germans will come to the rescue; they have, we understand, refused all such succor on the ground that their own army and civilians possess the first claim. Can we run the risk of so fearful an episode in the history of Christian Europe, even though the true responsibility for it should rest on German shoulders, and though by refusing to act we throw an added burden on the heavy-laden German conscience? Germany might, indeed, be driven in shame to make some halting provision for these victims of her theory of war, conducted as a scheme of devastation. But in the growing exasperation of the campaign we can make no reckoning with her compunction. Against every such contingency our guarantee to Belgium stands; and if our Government cannot renew their grant to the Hoover fund, it is the duty of the British nation to take their place, and raise, without stint or delay, a national fund in its behalf.

It is, indeed, in the gradual re-entry of the non-combatant into the complete circle of war's horrors that we can measure the full loss to civilization. This is the revenge that misused science has taken on materialized man. No dragging war of guerillas and mercenaries is now necessary for the devastation and impoverishment of a continent; it can be achieved in a few months of keenly directed destruction by hosts acting under the unreserved command of their Government. Germany's doctrine of war-necessity is now beginning to recoil on herself, for it has led us to abandon our policy of cutting down contraband, and to contemplate an immense enlargement of the area and stringency of operations by siege. Can this be avoided? Not, it is clear, by any process of bargaining. The United States, acting, we are sure, in perfect friendship, is said to have passed on to our Foreign Office the German "offer" to discontinue the murder of neutral (not of British) merchant seamen. The neutrals are to set up convoys, and abstain from carrying munitions for our use, while we relinquish the full right of beleaguering by sea. In other words, she will henceforth limit the practice of general piracy, provided we cut off half our arm of sea-power. This is the mere obtuseness of insolence. But we will still hope that we may be able to leave it to her to abolish all distinction between the soldier and the civilian, so that her generals may not approach their dupes with the tale that we starved her instead of beating her; and that, short of overwhelming disadvantage, we shall run up the tattered flag of international law as often as she aims at lowering it. This war ought to leave us in the position of being able to say that Germany alone made war on a people rather than an army; that she alone broke back into piracy and the reckless murder of neutrals and non-combatants; that she alone forgot all the obligations of great national strength, and committed most of the crimes of which it is capable. When she comes to reckon the gains of these bad deeds she will find a heavy debit account. She started the war with a considerable following in Flemish Belgium. She had a formidable body of sympathy or of detached sentiment in America. She had probably a balance of friendliness in the Scandinavian

countries. These factors have disappeared. Germany stands alone, reaping the harvest of ill-will whose seeds she has strewn with a liberal hand. She has thought herself compelled to change the character of her sea-campaign so that it more and more assumes the guise of a cruel attack on neutral lives as against our own methods of mere inconvenience and restriction. She proclaims herself an enemy of humanity, both in the recklessness of her actions and the more than Roman self-sufficiency with which she ordains and justifies them. But this is not a Roman world. It is an association of States, great and small, based on a civilization more or less common to all. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us to recall her pre-war diplomacy in order to make good our main case against the perils of her upstart dominion. She is her own accuser; and if we, in turn, are subject to the temptations of exceptional power at sea, as she on land, we have thus far established by far the better record for moderation in using it. If we can retain this character to the end of the war, remembering the Platonic maxim that the laws are their own avengers on those who slight them, Right and Might may come together again, after a most disastrous separation.

THE SUBMARINE WAR.

THE new phase of naval warfare is above all a trial of the nation's nerves. The submarine is certainly a formidable instrument, but its main value as yet is psychological. We are all interested in its exploits. We may think that in some years' time the future of the seas belongs to it. We entered this war painfully curious to know whether Sir Percy Scott's predictions would be realized. Our memories register every success by one of these vessels, and their record competes only with the much less important exploits of air-craft. The result is a traitorous play of the imagination, which immensely enhances the effect of the German threat to our commerce. It is partly because the new threat works in home seas, and partly because the crews are in danger, but it is chiefly because the submarine is itself a novelty. The Germans specialize in "moral effect," and we, on our side, must learn that the only defence against experimental psychology in war is a deliberate adoption of a phlegmatic refusal to be interested.

In point of fact, though it would be silly to undervalue the submarine, the most interesting lesson of this war is that there are serious limits to its activity. It is deadly, and indeed fatal, whenever it manages to take aim deliberately at a stationary or slowly-moving target not too far away. It is an invaluable coast defence. It has hitherto seemed to be invulnerable. It can none the less be dodged, and most of its successes have been won against ships which were either slow, or had relaxed their vigilance. Eight British warships have so far been torpedoed by submarines. Some fourteen merchantmen had been attacked (not all with success) up to the present week. This week's "bag" numbers seven British merchantmen and two Norwegians—for the other victims succumbed to mines. It is not a great number, for we must suppose that the whole German submarine flotilla is at work. There are, at the outside, some thirty of these craft, but only six of them have been identified

as the authors of successful exploits, and though we may be sure that some of the others have achieved something, the conclusion seems to be that not every German submarine-commander possesses the rare combination of dash, skill, and judgment, which this perilous but highly scientific work demands.

To measure the success of the new "blockade," we must bring the numbers and value of the victims into some relation with the general volume of our shipping. Three only of the British ships sunk were fairly large vessels. The Norwegian "Belridge," a valuable ship, though damaged, was not sunk. It is possible that the Germans can reckon on sinking one British ship daily. That is roughly one-half per cent. of the ships which daily come and go in our ports. This week's total of sailings and arrivals is, indeed, above the average of this year's figures. The loss is not quite negligible. But it is not enough to make any impression whatever on our maritime position, or to affect our supplies. It is not even enough to raise freights or insurance above the level at which they stood on certain routes during the early months of the war when the German cruisers were still active. The risk to life is certainly greater, but the risk to ships and cargoes is less than it was then. If the nerves of sailors and the public can stand the strain, our commerce will not be affected. The danger to life is, happily, less serious than most of us anticipated. Of the seven British ships torpedoed this week, only one was allowed a warning, but all of their crews managed to take safely to their boats, and the not very numerous casualties were due to accident. How far it is a wise policy on the part of the Admiralty to narrow the channels of navigation, by setting mines and marking off prohibited areas, it would be impertinent for a layman to discuss. It seems, at a first glance, to make the work of the submarines unduly easy. They need only beset the crowded roads; their victims are collected for them in confined and delimited spaces. But this policy has also the advantage that a crew which has to take to its boats is pretty sure to be rescued without much delay, while the danger to the submarine is obviously increased. On a near view, the terrors of the new piracy dwindle to trifling proportions.

On land, meanwhile, the real interest of the war centres in the hope of an Allied offensive in the West before April is out. The East, indeed, possesses a spectacular interest, of a somewhat melancholy kind. We cannot hope now for a serious Russian offensive, and the ill-success of past ventures rather leads us to hope that the Grand Duke's Staff will be satisfied with the maintenance of that stubborn defensive which suits the national temperament. Its main task is to defend Warsaw and to retain Galicia. There can be little thought of any big forward move in the East until the ports are opened, and the indispensable supplies arrive from the industrial West. If Russia can occupy von Hindenburg's armies till then without a further withdrawal from her present lines, she will have done all that can be expected of her. She has men enough in reserve, but men are useless without arms and commissariat. The bombardment of the Dardanelles has inevitably busied all our imaginations with the question whether an attack on Constantinople

might give a new complexion to the war. That may prove feasible, and meanwhile the bombardments force the Turks to keep their main forces idle to defend the capital. If Russia is in a position to collect a new army at Odessa, it is much more likely to be sent by rail to Galicia than by sea to Thrace. Russia's opportunity for some big stroke against Turkey will come when the Allied advance in the West relieves the pressure in Poland.

For that advance the preparations go steadily forward. Our new armies are maturing, and the French have this week announced that their reserves are now fit to be ranked with their gallant first line, which has so far borne the brunt of the war with much less relief and much less assistance than the German active army. How much has devolved upon it, since the trench war began, we can best realize when we remind ourselves that the British lines in France are only a bare twenty-four miles of the whole three hundred. There is little to record in the continual desultory struggle along this front, and we could wish that there were even less. An army deteriorates if it is kept too long inactive, and this principle may justify the steady effort to maintain here and there a modest advance. But the cost in life has been heavy, alike to us and to the French, and the veterans who have been lost in these efforts, more especially the officers, will be missed when the moment for a serious advance arrives. On that advance the whole fortune of the war depends. The Russians were not ready for this tremendous test, and their recovery will be slow. The hesitating neutrals will not budge until an Allied victory is already assured. The war must be won by a Franco-British effort, and the expectation of other aid must not be allowed to weaken our own efforts. By a direct advance, or by an overwhelming invasion of Alsace, the new offensive must be pursued until the enemy evacuates Belgium and is driven on to his own soil.

THE GOVERNMENT, THE WORKMEN, AND THE WAR.

THE patriotic sacrifices made by the working classes from the moment of the outbreak of war have not been called in question by anybody who knows anything of the facts. They poured into the new army without waiting for the Government to promise decent provision for their wives and children or for themselves. They subscribed to the Prince of Wales's Fund. In those industries where special efforts were needed to supply arms or clothing or boots for our soldiers and our Allies, they worked day and night at such a high strain as to cause serious concern for the health of great bodies of working men and working women. Lastly, though the war broke out when the working classes were organizing their forces for a general and necessary campaign for better wages, they called a truce, and so far from pressing their claims, they made concessions, concessions of principles regarded normally as indispensable, in order to diminish working difficulties and to expedite production.

During the last few weeks there has been a revival

of the tone of controversy, and Labor Members in Parliament have warned the Government that a spirit of discontent is rising among the working classes which may have important consequences. To what is this due? The answer, we think, is simple. Doubtless something must be allowed for the effect of a slow and wearing war on the social temperature of the nation. We have little news from day to day, men are dying and suffering in their thousands without a decisive result, and here, as elsewhere in Europe, a sense of *ennui* may have settled on a people that last August had braced itself up for a supreme crisis. If anybody had said at that time that a day would come when the fashionable racing world would grudge the wounded soldiers the shelter of the Grand Stand at Epsom, because they wanted to take lunch there, he would have been told he was talking malicious slander. Nobody can keep quite at war pitch from the first day of war to the last. Our working classes, like the rest of the nations, are subject to the reactions and the cold fits of war. But this is not the main or even a large cause of the change of temper of which Labor leaders warn the Government. Still less is it the case that the working classes are beginning to doubt whether we did right in going to war last August. They know, like the Socialists who met in conference a fortnight ago, that a victory for the invaders of Belgium and France would be a victory for the forces of Imperialism and class power, a view that Germany has done her best to drive home by her methods of making war alike by sea and on land.

No; the true analysis of the mind of the working classes will find the explanation somewhere else. Last August we thought of the whole nation as animated by the single-minded inspiration of patriotism. Nobody knew what we might have to suffer; everybody was convinced that any sacrifice that was needed must be made. But we thought of those sacrifices as universal and impartial. Six months have passed, and the working classes find themselves face to face with a rise of prices that spells poverty in the better-off home and destitution in the worse. If this were the consequence of a state of siege, if we were all suffering the pinch of famine, if for a whole people the choice was between hunger and surrender, then the working classes would bear their fate with the same fortitude as other Britons; we should be taking our burdens like our fellows in the trenches. But once let the working classes imagine that they are the victims, not of war, but of a profit-making spirit in some of their fellow-countrymen, and a very different situation is created. It is their duty to make sacrifices for the war, and there must be few working-class homes on whom the war has not cast its shadow. The great majority of the men who are struggling in the mud of Flanders or the mud of Salisbury Plain have come from those homes. But that is not their only duty. It is their duty to save the working-class world from the crippling and degrading consequences of a loss of power; to guard, not less in war than in peace, the great permanent cause for which generations and generations have maintained their long struggle. Defeat or failure in that task would be a public calamity of which the results would be incalculable and indefinite; we are paying still for the ravages of the

Napoleonic War on the strength of the working classes and their resources for defence. To judge from one or two of the speeches in the House of Commons this truth is not more apparent to certain of our politicians than it was to Sidmouth or Castlereagh a century ago.

To men and women who suspect that their misfortunes are due, not to the war itself, but to the success with which certain interests are turning to their own profit the situation created by the war, who see, and see quite rightly, that if prices rise and wages stand still, they will be weaker in the social struggle that will continue after the war, and is the most important fact of their lives, it is no argument to say that prices were higher in the Franco-German War. Statistics that seem so conclusive and comforting to the intellect of a rich man, mean nothing to the man who has to live on 15s. a week instead of a sovereign. Nor is it convincing to be told that the law of supply and demand is a master who will take no laws from the House of Commons. What if Labor chose to invoke that law for itself? The war has put workmen in a position in certain industries in which they could make what terms they liked. It is only public spirit that restrains them. What they ask is that they shall not be at a disadvantage because they are public-spirited, while some other people seem to be doing business very much as usual. It is here, we think, that the Government have been deficient in imagination and sympathy. One thing is surely clear, and that is that the exploiting of the working classes would be treason, not only to the general understanding under which we have been living, but to the highest interests of the nation. Of the remedies suggested, not all are wise or practicable, though it is difficult to believe that the nation is powerless to protect itself in the case of coal. But at any rate the Government should regard the situation of the workpeople as of supreme importance, and they should be just as ready and resourceful in defending them from a fall in real wages as they were in defending other great national interests that were threatened by the disturbance of credit.

In the case of the railwaymen, the Government have recognized this with excellent results, and we wish that in other directions they would act in the same spirit. Take the case of agricultural labor. The Government admit that there is a strong case for raising wages, but they will have to avoid the impression that they are treating the problem as if it was merely a question of helping the farmers to a supply of cheap labor. The Farmers' Unions and the Labor Exchanges are to co-operate, with a little help, perhaps, from an indulgent bench of magistrates who think a child is as well in the fields as in the schools, but the laborers' unions, it seems, are to be ignored, as if we were in the eighteenth instead of the twentieth century. The permanent national interests that are threatened by any such surrender, to which Mr. Lenard called attention in these columns a week ago, are scarcely less important than the supply of food. One speaker at a meeting of the Chamber of Agriculture said that the men do not like working seven days a week; in other words, the nation is to pay for the harsh conditions the farmers impose on their laborers. Take, again, a question that was raised in the House of Commons this week: Are the Trade Boards going to revise their recommendations in the light of the heavy fall in the purchasing power

of the wages they had fixed? "No," comes the answer. "Let the working-class representatives on the Boards raise the question, if they think proper." Surely this is a case in which the Government itself should act. Take, again, the vast volume of contracts given out by the Government, carrying with it influence and authority in all directions. Why should not the Government in all these cases stipulate for an increased wage? The war, if it has increased the opportunities of profiteering interests, has increased also the powers of the administration, and they should be used as readily in this case as they have been wherever public interest was associated with private enterprise. The Government need not be afraid of outstripping public opinion. In this instance, as in that of soldiers' and sailors' pensions and allowances, they are behind rather than ahead of the expectations of the great mass of thinking people. If they satisfy the working classes that they are seriously concerned to secure their just claims, their creation of a tribunal for recommending terms of settlement in disputes in armament industries will probably succeed. The great sense of responsibility of trade union leaders is manifest; without it we could not have had six months of industrial peace. But their efforts will fail if the working classes are allowed to believe that the Government, though anxious for peace, are indifferent to justice or insufficiently alive to it.

HOW IS GERMANY TO BE FED?

THE "pamphlet" of 200 pages upon the food supply of Germany, of which the last issue of the "Lancet" gives a summary, is the most instructive tribute to the genius of German method that has yet appeared. It is the joint product of "a combination of the politician, national economist, statistician, physiologist, farmer, geologist—yes, even the experienced housewife," as Dr. Paul Eltzbacher, Rector of the Berlin High School, claims in his triumphant preface. Professors and practical specialists have laid their heads together to deal with the problem of "an isolated political economy," in its bearing on the production and consumption of the food of the German nation. Given a reduction of the ordinary food-supplies by an almost complete stoppage of imports of food, fodder, and certain fertilizers, a damage of home agriculture by lack of labor and horses, and a serious injury to farming in East Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine, how is the emergency to be met?

The professors are not, of course, content with any general answer to this hard question. In order to inspire confidence and justify authoritative direction, statistical precision is above all things necessary. And here it is provided. The human machine is closely studied from the standpoint of the essentials of nationalism. The requirements of the average man, woman, and child are expressed in physiological units, the proteid constituents for repair of structure, the fat and carbo-hydrate producers of energy being computed both separately and in relation to one another, as they are found combined in various forms of food. The daily "physiological proteid minimum" is reached as a sort of average of diverse expert calculations, and multiplied by the estimated

population "works out at $4,396 \text{ tons} \times 365 = 1,605,000$ tons of proteid." The actual current consumption is then similarly calculated in calories and proteid units, and the nutritive values of that consumption are compared with the physiological minimum.

Having regard to the diminution of current supplies, this comparison yields a formally exact answer to the question, "What is the shortage of food supplies?" If consumption were maintained at the normal level, there would be a deficit of 25 per cent. of total foodstuffs, and of 33 per cent. of proteids. If things went on unchanged, the deficit would continually increase, especially in proteids. Even if the correct physiological food requirements were generally adopted, there would still remain a small shortage of proteids, though the rigorous economy would give a surplus of 19 per cent. as regards food in general. On this basis the nation is required to undergo an elaborate transformation of its agriculture, upon the one hand, and its diet, on the other. All farmers must subordinate their considerations of private profit to the good of the community. They must alter their use of land, giving more space to vegetables with a high percentage of nutriment, such as beet and potatoes. Cattle must be fed on beech nuts, acorns, and green stuff. Crops with high proteid values must have preference. A death sentence is pronounced upon the pig, "the greatest food competitor with man." In proteid economy the cow is to be preferred to the pig or the calf, chiefly on account of the high nutritive value of the milk, and other dairy produce.

The real dumb struggle for life, however, is between the pig and the cow. For the larger the number of pigs sacrificed, the more cows it will be economical to keep alive. "For every three-and-a-half pigs destroyed, one cow may be retained, and we may accordingly compromise by reducing the number of pigs by 9 millions, the milch cows by only 1 million, respectively 35 per cent. and 10 per cent. of the whole." Not only agriculture, but every trade utilizing agricultural products for trade purposes, must alter its ways. Of grain and potatoes, large use is usually made for starch-making and distilling. This use must cease; starch must not be used for clothing, "and some ingenious person should discover a substitute for paper-hangers' paste."

Not less exact and interesting are the prescriptions for the economical consumption of food. Here the main proposals go along familiar lines of food reform, the large reduction in the use of meat and an increased use of vegetable foods. The Report points out the enormous increase of the meat-habit in Germany, the quantity consumed per head having doubled in the last half-century. Pure vegetarianism is not recommended, for that would involve a waste of certain kinds of fodder unfitted for human food, the use of which can only be got by eating animals. "The most pressing alteration demanded is to diminish the consumption of proteid and fat in comparison with that of carbo-hydrates, approaching more to the habit of the country dweller, especially in South Germany." Probably the matter that comes home most urgently to all consumers is the Code regarding bread. The Government has already prescribed the proportions of rye-flour and of bran to be mixed with wheat-flour, and

has put the entire nation on a four-pound ration of this Government bread per week.

Most instructive is the advice tendered to the *Hausfrau*. "Vegetable food must take a larger place. At the mid-day meal the meat dishes should be placed in the background, and various valuable puddings take their place. Rolls should be confined to breakfast; at dinner and supper large loaves of rye flour or rye and wheat flour. The widespread but senseless luxury of eating bread between meals with a layer of fat should be given up. Bread alone is sufficient, or bread with fruit or marmalade. With fat dishes, such as cheese or ham, buttered bread is entirely unnecessary."

Here and in the minute provisions against the waste of potato-peelings, fat, and the rest, we touch what we venture to pronounce the heart of the difficulty. Have these professors seriously confronted the case of "the valuable pudding," which the *Hausfrau* knows that no member of her family really likes or will consent to eat? This opens a broader scepticism upon this whole endeavor suddenly to force a nation of seventy million souls to alter fundamentally their ways of living. We agree that, if this can be done anywhere, it is in Germany. But even Germans are human beings, with the instincts and appetites that appertain thereto. Dr. Eltzbacher assures his fellow-countrymen that if they scrupulously follow his advice, cutting down all the food to "physiological requirements," avoiding every kind of waste, using skim milk, limiting their butter, drying their potatoes, and marketing in a "correct" manner, they will find themselves with enough "calories" and proteid to get along with. "The favorable result," he says, "has not been assumed with thoughtless optimism, but has been worked out with gravity and foresight."

But human tastes and inclinations are refractory material for scientific calculators to manipulate. Is the whole German nation educated to confidence in this physiology of food, and can its discipline and patriotism be relied upon for complete conformity to these regulative formulæ? And how is a sudden change from one form of diet to another to be accomplished without grave injury to a rather sensitive part of the German organism? The opening week of the ticket system suggests that even German method may be unequal to the stupendous task, and that every ticket may not have at hand its corresponding loaf. The assumption that everyone will save his scraps of bread and his potato-parings, and conform in all his eating with Government regulations, is, in reality, as preposterous as the assumption that 10,400 tons of proteids and 592 milliards of calories can be added to the national supply by setting prisoners of war to work upon "the cultivation of moors," one of two estimates inserted "with gravity and foresight" in the arithmetic table.

No doubt a good deal of economy can be got by patriotic appeals. But these estimates are vitiated by the assumption that the human nature of a whole nation is a perfectly plastic stuff, of uniform quality, and capable of remodelling to an indefinite extent at the word of command. Persons capable of this amazing error are likely to commit others of a simpler sort. In these elaborate calculations of food economy we find no

allowance made for the fact that six months of war must have enormously let down the year's supplies before this report was published and the policy based upon it can have come into operation. This consideration seems to destroy much of the value of the figures based upon adjustment of demand to supply during a year of war. Again, there is no account taken for the enlarged consumption of food by armed forces in the field, a consideration of no small importance, even in a country where military diet has been so carefully thought out as in Germany. Finally, no place is found for the expense of feeding the masses of prisoners whom the Germans claim to have captured. The general effect of the Report gives strong support to the conclusions of Professor Ashley, in his valuable paper read before the Royal Society of Arts this week, that the German Government now finds it necessary to admit the seriousness of its economic situation, and to retire from the early optimism with which it had sought to buoy up the confidence of the population.

THE DARDANELLES.

ARE the English and French fleets going to clear a passage through the Dardanelles? They can do so, but it is only the naval and military experts who can tell us whether, considering all the facts, it is worth while to do so at the present moment. February, around the Straits, has been chiefly marked by an exceptionally long series of southerly gales which make a heavy sea at the mouth and possibly led to the end of the recent attack. The telegrams up to Wednesday last told us that the gales continued.

If the Straits were opened right through to the Black Sea, large supplies of corn now awaiting shipment in South Russia could be shipped to Western ports more cheaply than if sent to Norway, or in a few weeks to Archangel. The British and French fleets could make their way to Constantinople and could be joined by the Russian.

The difficulties in accomplishing such a task are serious, and have, of course, been seriously considered by the experts. They are the following: At the extreme south-westerly end of the Dardanelles are two forts, one on the European, the other on the Asiatic side, constructed and armed many years ago and greatly strengthened during the last six months by German engineers. Krupps, about a dozen years ago, presented to Abdul Hamid what were described at the time as the most powerful guns ever made. I believe both these were placed on the Asiatic side at Kum Kali—that is, Sand Fort. The last time I landed there was to meet Dr. Dörpfeldt, one of the greatest of German archaeologists—the reconstructor of Troy—who was personally conducting a party interested in that city, which had come on from Athens. If I mention the fact that all the party walked from Kum Kali to Hissarlik, which is generally, though not universally, recognized as the site of Troy, taking less than two hours to get there, I do so to give an idea of the flatness of the country, all alluvial and brought down by the historic streams of the Scamander and Simois, fed mostly from “many-fountained Ida.” The point on which the fort is situated is a sand-hill, and this was

the place knocked about by the Allied fleets on November 3rd last. An explosion took place, the result of a well-directed shot, and the assailants did more damage than they were aware. The bombardment lasted, according to one Consul who was present on the Dardanelles, only thirteen, according to another seventeen, minutes. Kum Kali was destroyed, five German officers and about a hundred men were killed; but a venerable nun told me on one of the first days in December that there were at least two hundred wounded, who were attended in the hospital of which she was the Superior. The battery on the other—that is, the European—side of the entrance at Cape Hellas suffered less on that occasion, but on Friday last was silenced by Admiral Carden. It may be of interest to note that precisely in the space between Cape Hellas and Kum Kali one of the great decisive battles of the world was fought. In the sea-fight in 324 between Licinius, who represented organized Paganism, and Constantine who, though not a Christian, was vigorously supported by the Christians, through the crushing defeat of the fleet of the Pagans by Crispus, the son of Constantine, the Christian side gained a great victory.*

Proceeding in a north-easterly direction about ten miles, the village of the Dardanelles is reached, known as Chanak. Here, again, strong forts exist on both sides, whose guns would have to be silenced. Indeed, the heaviest guns are at Kilidjibahir, almost exactly opposite Chanak. Two or three miles further on brings one to the point of Nagara, a long headland stretching half-way across the Straits, which are here only about half a mile broad, and so fortified that its many guns, with those on the northern shore, could concentrate a deadly fire on any ship endeavoring to get round its point, as they must do in order to enter the Marmora. It is on the south side of this point that the Turkish fleet at the Dardanelles lies, in order that it may be out of the strong current which, nineteen days out of twenty, flows out of the Marmora. It was here that in the first week in December a British submarine performed the gallant act that everyone will remember. Working her way from the Ægean, she glided in between the mines and the shore, and lay submerged for eight hours waiting the favorable moment to strike the “Messudieh,” which a few weeks earlier had been the flagship of Admiral Limpus; then she discharged her torpedo, sunk her enemy, and got safely out of the Straits. At that time, as now, the channel between Chanak and Nagara Point was strewn thickly with mines, and I assume that no fleet would attempt the passage of the Point until the guns on each side had been silenced and the mines cleared away. When Nagara Point is passed, the greatest difficulty in reaching Constantinople is overcome. It has often been suggested that troops could be landed in the Gulf of Xeros, to the north of the peninsula, which is the northern boundary of the Dardanelles, and which at one place, and this behind the strong forts of Kilidjibahir, is not more than four miles wide; the object of such landing would be to take such forts in the rear. A line of fortifications at Bulair, the isthmus of this peninsula, was constructed by our sappers during the Crimean War, but for present purposes would

* Those who are interested in the campaign will find it fully described in the “English Historical Review” of January, 1908.

probably be useless. A similar proposal has been made in reference to the forts on the Asiatic side. A strong body of troops disembarked at Bessika Bay might capture the Asiatic forts. All the difficulties would not have been surmounted when the fleets had passed Gallipoli, at the northern end of the Dardanelles, for during the last three months the Germans have erected batteries on Marmora Island (forty miles from Gallipoli and a hundred from Constantinople) as well as on the southern Asiatic end of the Bosphorus, and even at Prinkipo.

If the statement be true (which I think it is not) that the Russians are landing troops south of Medea, their object will be to capture the forts at the Black Sea end of the Bosphorus. There, again, the mines would have to be cleared away. All things possible may be done by the Allied fleets and probably without the aid of troops, but I have said enough to show that the task before them, if a decision has been taken to force the Dardanelles, is not without perils. I repeat that the question is one for experts. It is beyond doubt that the Germans have paid great attention, not only to the strengthening of the fortifications on both Straits, but that they have kept fully in view the danger of an attack upon them by the Allies, and have made their preparations accordingly.

EDWIN PEARS.

A London Diary.

THERE is, I think, a general feeling that the second crisis of the war is approaching (the first began with the retreat on Paris and ended with the Battle of the Marne), and that this will be a decisive test of the reserves of generalship and statesmanship on which the Allies can reckon. Let us pray that they will be great and sufficient. Hitherto their genius has been caution, a waiting game played (notably by the French Commander-in-Chief) both to retrieve earlier errors of rashness and to wear down the German policy of rushing and forcing. Has it succeeded? We may answer "Yes"; up to a fairly advanced point. Equipment, the Allies' great earlier defect, has been more than equalised, and the same may be said of the growing skill, steadiness, and confidence in the soldiery. What is not so apparent is the kind of propelling force that the world calls by many names, preferably genius. We have not been beaten by the new difficulties; only they have not yet been forced. Neither of the two deadlocks—the trenches and the entanglement in the Near East—has been resolved, while the losses among the best troops, sustained in "nibbling" actions, have been serious. The leading soldiers, French and English, are quite clear as to their power of overcoming the first. The second perhaps depends on what happens to Constantine's City—its possession as a spoil of war, and its destiny later on. But all through, the Allies' Eastern policy has been over-timid, and its military effects too colorless. Their soldiers have never been enough in evidence before the eyes of the sensitive East Europeans, who (notably Serbia) have not had from the Allies that firm clinching policy for which they have half-asked, though they could not seem to sue openly for it.

THERE are other points of watchfulness. One is the internal Russian situation. Here, again, much is in suspense. At the opening of the war the liberal reforming spirit seemed to be carrying all before it, notably in Poland and in general administration. The Zemstvos were given work to do; liberals were freely consulted; the country blossomed afresh with the hope of a new destiny. Since then there has been something of a set-back. The Duma does not count for much, and the Ministry is divided. Probably it possesses a progressive majority. But its two most powerful members, the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior, are reactionary, and theirs are the predominant voices. However, the reformers think they have the nation with them. It is still enthusiastic for the war, and therefore anti-German, as against the perceptible pro-Germanism of a small section of the bureaucracy. Above all, it is keen for the British Alliance, as the key to its long-deferred hopes of progress. If that were by any conceivable chance to weaken, there would, I think, be real despair of the future.

THE shadow of death was on Mr. Gokhale when I last saw him, underlining the habitual gentleness of his face and demeanor. He had, I think, more of the fine spirit of statesmanship, I had almost added of its essential genius and suitability to our times, than any man of his class I ever knew. One of his qualities was self-effacement. His friends could guess but not describe the full part he played in the Morley scheme of reforms, as well as in the work of the Services Commission; his own lips were sealed on such subjects. Another quality was his patience. He was essentially a successful man. Doors opened to him that were shut on a less keen and persevering mind, a coarser or merely impatient character. Nothing turned him; hardly anything seemed to discompose his temper. But his greatest gift was to be set above the world by the spirituality of his nature, the undeviating nobility of his aims. Here he was no Western; though he wished to see his beloved East move, its stillness possessed his heart, and kept it free from the lowering fever of politics.

ON the whole, the political truce is bearing the strain of the times fairly well. It was rather severely tried in the dyestuffs debate, which, in a strictly veiled form, was simply the old tussle between Protection and Free Trade over again. Both sides showed great tact in avoiding any use of those incendiary terms—indeed, so far as words went, the controversy seemed to be between such abstractions as "security" on the one hand and "flexibility" on the other. There is an element of comedy in this method of wrapping up our familiar and solid differences, but if only for the obligation that it imposes of searching out new definitions for old doctrines—a process implying some degree of thought—it has its merits. Personal animosities seem to be less easy to subdue than some larger political quarrels; otherwise we could scarcely have had such a lapse as the singularly ill-informed attack by a section of the Opposition on Colonel Seely's military promotion. I have not seen it noted elsewhere that this incident was the cause of some very emphatic gestures of remonstrance on the part of

Mr. Bonar Law, who, on this as on other matters, deserves credit for his observance of the truce alike in the letter and the spirit.

AN English observer recently in France, in the neighborhood of the lines, brought back two interesting experiences, which he related to me. One was the unfavorable impression on some French people made by the folly of those British officers who, following Wellington's example in the Peninsular War, brought over and hunted a pack of hounds; the second is a confirmation of the general accounts of the good behavior of the Saxon regiments. These soldiers had been in occupation of the village in which my friend was lodged. The house he occupied belonged to a widow of forty and her grown-up girl. Several Saxon soldiers had been quartered in it. No offence or discourtesy was offered to either. Another house had been burned, and (among others) a child left homeless. She was taken to another dwelling, and an officer quartered there gave up his room to her.

ONE of the prisoners from the "Blücher" brought his captors a curious story. It was that not all the heads of the German Navy approved the policy of raids on unfortified British towns, and that Prince Henry of Prussia, as a consequence of his opposition, had lowered his flag on the "Blücher."

A MEMBER of the House of Commons, lately returned from the trenches, and asked the set question of when the war would end, replied that he did not know, but that he could tell where it would end. "Where?" was the inexpert reply. "250 yards from where we are now."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A SERVANT OF INDIA.

IT was in his own city of Poona that I first met Gokhale. He had just returned from opposing the Seditious Meetings Act in the Viceroy's Legislative Council, where he sat as representing Bombay. He had been defeated, but now, in the kind of political monastery which he had two years before established for his Order of the "Servants of India," he showed no sign of defeat. Outwardly he was perfectly calm, treating everyone with the inevitable courtesy of his nature, and discussing the whole situation with the sweet reasonableness that never failed him. Yet if ever there was cause for anxiety in modern India, it was then. Not since the Mutiny had so threatening an atmosphere lowered over the country. And Gokhale himself stood at the very centre between the opposite poles of storm.

On the one side was ranged the Government, surrounded by its officials, and based upon a tradition of superiority, privilege, and the obligations of race. For years past, Gokhale had been the voice of the Indian peoples in protest against actions into which even excellent officials are bound to fall. As disciple of Ranade, the great Judge in the Bombay High Court, he had striven to advance the cause of self-government and practical reforms by pointing out definitely where redress was

urgent, and by the self-restrained appeals to reason and justice which are sometimes described as irresistible. From his youth up he had worked in that way. Born a Brahman of the highest caste but of poor family, he had thrown away the caste but retained the poverty. With the one purpose of serving his country, he had taught history and economics for nearly twenty years at about 25s. a week in the Fergusson College for Indians at Poona, and had then retired on little more than a shilling a day. He had used as his lever for reform his position on the Bombay Legislative Council, and afterwards on the Viceroy's Council. But especially he had used the Indian National Congress, founded in 1885 by his masters, Ranade and Dadabhai Naoroji, together with other Indian reformers. The purpose of the Congress was to act as a kind of advisory body to the central British Government in Simla, Calcutta, and Whitehall; to point out where, in the opinion of educated Indians, the need for change was most necessary, and to influence the dominant Power by those appeals to reason and justice in which Gokhale so patiently trusted.

Certainly, he was a Congress man. But in him there was nothing of the froth and fume of the legendary "Congress-wallah." If eloquence is, as Lord Curzon eloquently assured a Calcutta audience, the besetting sin of Indians, Gokhale had none of it. He had no rhetoric. He cared nothing for impassioned language and magnificent periods. I have never heard a calmer or more self-restrained speaker. He was so mild in his own language that once, after a Hyde Park meeting, he told me I was violent. His was the eloquence of perfect knowledge, of entire devotion to his cause, and utter regardlessness of self or any other consideration. What he said of Ranade was true of himself: "It was as though the first person singular did not exist in his vocabulary." But, however quiet his speech, the courage of unyielding conviction and of that regardlessness of self or fortune or applause was always felt behind it. It needs some bravery to continue insisting on the same cause year after year with hardly any apparent result. And perhaps it needs even more to protest against a burning national injustice before a council of officials who stare coldly or write letters, and then, year after year, proceed to the next business as though nothing had been said.

Courage underlying a sweet reasonableness was the characteristic of the man and of his speaking. It made him a speaker of singular attraction and lucidity. But he was never satisfied with words. He knew how easily reformers are beguiled into believing that when speeches have been made, something has been accomplished. He knew that speeches accomplish nothing unless action follows, and with this knowledge he founded the "Servants of India." In their monastic home, close beside the Fergusson College, he was living with about a dozen other Knights of the Spirit, all bound by vows to earn no money for themselves, to regard all Indians as brothers without distinction of caste or creed, to engage in no personal quarrel, and to devote themselves to India. The novitiate lasted five years, and for two of those years they wandered through India, like Sanyasis, to learn the needs of the people at first hand. Like Gokhale himself, they were, in fact, Sanyasis, or ascetic pilgrims, of politics. Political enfranchisement was their ultimate aim. Before it could be secured, they knew that the peoples of India must be released from much of the bondage they have laid on themselves—the harassing ritual, immature marriage, the exclusion from life's decencies of some fifty million pariahs who eat dead animals and think it a mortal sin if their shadow touches a Brahman. Besides there was ordinary education, for which the Government at that time made hardly any

grant, though only one male in ten could read, and only seven females in a thousand.

All this lay before them, but the main purpose of the Servants is political. Gokhale always refused to be turned aside from the political object into the easy and highly commended by-paths of relief or industrial progress. As he said of his Order in the book of rules that he drew up for them:—

"Its members frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good. Self-government on the lines of the English colonies is their goal. This goal, they recognize, cannot be obtained without years of earnest and patient work and sacrifice worthy of the cause."

I laughed when, in reading me this, he came to "the inscrutable dispensation." But the phrase was not ironic. It is characteristic of a certain guilelessness which surrounded the man in spite of his long political experience, that the words were intended seriously. From English example, he thought, the Indians might learn the love of freedom and the self-assertion against authority in which they were themselves most lacking. So they might counteract the atrophy of public spirit which India suffers under English rule, as every subject-race suffers under Imperialism. Of the evil he had no doubt. Speaking as President of the National Congress at Benares (1905), he said:—

"The domination of one race over another—especially when there is no great disparity between their intellectual endowments or general civilization—inflicts great injury on the subject race in a thousand insidious ways. On the moral side, the present situation is steadily destroying our capacity for initiative, and dwarfing us as men of action."

Still more definite was the evidence he gave before the Welby Commission a few years earlier:—

"A kind of dwarfing or stunting of the Indian race is going on under the present system. We must live all the days of our life in an atmosphere of inferiority. The full height to which our manhood is capable of rising can never be reached by us under the present system. The moral elevation which every self-governing people feels cannot be felt by us. Our administrative and military talents must gradually disappear owing to sheer disuse, till at last our lot, as hewers of wood and drawers of water in our own country, is stereotyped."

Courage, self-assertion, and discipline in public life were the qualities which he found wanting and which he hoped to develop through the Congress and such missionary means as his Order of Servants. He knew it would be slow work. He recognized the obstacles on the side of the Government, and on the side of his own people. When first I met him, the dangers on either hand had been aggravated. The Partition of Bengal, Lord Curzon's University Speech in Calcutta, the deportation of political leaders without trial, the suppression of freedom of speech, instances of personal injustice, and of an overbearing demeanor of the vulgar among Anglo-Indians, had stirred a new spirit of "unrest" throughout India. A new party of "Extremists," led by the Sanscrit scholar, Mr. Tilak, himself a Poona Brahman, began to proclaim "self-reliance not mendicancy," and the motto was obviously a taunt against the patient methods of the National Congress, which hoped to effect reforms by reasonable demands. A still newer party of "Nationalists," led by the Cambridge scholar, Arabindo Ghose, before whose eyes hung a vision of religious glory, were accused of violence. They stood for a universal "Swadeshi"—a complete disregard of the British Government, officials, manners, merchandise, and all. With the bureaucracy suddenly growing more rigid on one side and his own countrymen more impatient or violent on the other, Gokhale stood in the midst, exposed

to the attacks of both. Everyone hates to be called a Moderate. Gokhale hated it as much as we all. But there he stood in the middle, and he could not escape the stigma of the unhappy word.

The flash-point came at Surat in the following month (December, 1907). There the meeting of the National Congress, child of so many hopes, dissolved in violent warfare between the two parties of devoted and self-sacrificing patriots. I was with Gokhale afterwards in Bombay, and in recent years frequently in London, where he came, as is well known, to discuss and make suggestions for Lord Morley's scheme of reforms, as well as for the present public services commission. The last time I saw him he was hoping that the service of Indian troops would raise the position of the whole people in English eyes. In spite of failing health and many disappointments, I always found him the same in reasonable mood and courtesy of heart—always the same in accurate knowledge and lucidity of statement. I think he had the most statesmanlike mind I have known, and certainly the most sweetly reasonable nature, unless Canon Barnett, whom he much resembled, equalled him. But I best like to remember him standing on that platform at Surat and stretching out both arms to shelter his rival and enemy, Mr. Tilak, from the assaults of Constitutional Congressmen, whilst the huge pavilion roared with the chaos of 10,000 white and orange forms in strife, and Extremists danced upon the table, striking with long staves at any head which looked moderate. When Mr. Tilak was released last year from six years' imprisonment for seditious publication, Gokhale, I am told, exclaimed, "Poor man! He has suffered for our country"; and now we read that Mr. Tilak spoke in his praise at the cremation.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW ARMIES.

A JUNIOR lance-corporal who tries to put together his impressions of discipline in the new army does not find the task an easy one. The way in which the question is put is not one which ever occurs to a private or a N.C.O. who is new to military life. To the public we are, I suppose, "Kitchener's Army," a homogeneous entity with more or less uniform characteristics, inspired by much the same motives and undergoing the same training for the same end. In fact, however, the individual soldier does not know himself as a member of "the army," but as a unit in the third section of the sixth platoon of C Company of the 13th service battalion of the —'s. For him "the army" is the little group in which he lives, the men in his billet, his section, his platoon. Of the men outside one's own section—at least while one is in billets—one sees next to nothing; of the men outside one's own platoon, nothing at all. We know that there are three other companies besides our own in our battalion, and that our battalion is itself one of several in a southern health resort, which describes itself, on large posters, as "providing visitors with mirth and gaiety from dawn to dusk." But they are too remote even to be our competitors. The sergeant-major who makes difficulties about granting passes home, the bugler who will blow the *reveillé* five minutes too early, the platoon sergeant with the squeaky voice and the monotonous oaths, the undisciplined dog who has taken possession of us and entreats, not always in vain, that we shall kick stones for him on parade, these are with us always as his ship is with a sailor. We resign ourselves to them, and do not bother ourselves about their final causes. As to fighting, I never met anyone who wanted to go to France, except a man who thought it would be

nice if the war could be arranged to end while we were at the base, so that we might see something of the country before returning to serious work at our various jobs. We are a peaceable lot, but I can't imagine anything more likely to produce violence than a display of the martial instincts ascribed to us by the daily press. The distinguished author who, in a recent series of articles, described the recruits whom he interviewed as burning to chastise the Germans, was, I am afraid, had. I can see those young heroes winking. If a man had unsocial propensities of that kind, we should probably insist on his removing into another section. One has to pinch oneself in order to remember that we are training in order to be able to kill low-headed Hans and Michaels and to stand being killed ourselves without making too much fuss. The idea is so horrifying that one does not pinch oneself often.

I have never killed anyone myself, so I can't say if we're going the right way about learning the business. My general impression is probably that of everyone else, that the *personnel* of the new army is good, but that it is kept back by the (probably unavoidable) deficiencies of material and organization. It is the latter which strikes one first, because one has suffered from them every day. The worthy people who cry out for more men—ever more men, do not realize that military training is a kind of education, and that the number to whom you can offer it with any advantage depends on your staff and your equipment. In the earlier stages of our training there were hardly any competent instructors, and we had virtually to teach ourselves. Even now there are not enough officers; those we have do their best, but they are too few, and, probably, too inexperienced, to prevent constant hitches in the upper ranges of the organization. Material is deficient; our equipment is doled out to us bit by bit; I calculate that we must have spent nearly a week in getting what we have got hitherto. Much more remains to be distributed, and we are still without a sufficient number of rifles, even for the N.C.O.'s.

All this, though probably it can't be helped, involves a waste of time, which the civilian finds rather appalling. It means also that the spirit of the battalion is different from that which, I gather, obtains in the regular army. I don't mean that the new armies are, as the newspapers say, "democratic." An army reproduces everything and originates nothing. It is a petrified model of the society in which it is born. The French armies of 1792-95, and, in a far less degree, the English armies of 1645-51, were democratic, because they were born from societies where, outside the army, the mighty had been put down from their seats, and Jacques Bonhomme and Buffcoat seemed for a moment to have come by their own.

Till the Revolution arrives in England, no English army will be democratic, because the customs of the army are simply the customs of English society crystallized. When, for example, a man is recommended for a commission, it may still be asked if he has been to a public school, and if he is a gentleman. An officer and a private may have been colleagues and friends for years. But they cannot talk together in public. They cannot even call upon each other. For in England gentlemen do not have familiar conversation with workmen, and most officers are gentlemen, most privates workmen. But, in spite of this, the circumstances in which our battalion—and, I suppose, most others—was raised, make the individual private of more account than, I gather from talking to old soldiers, he is in the regular army. For one thing, though a certain proportion of us enlisted

through economic pressure, the majority did so, I should say, for what may fairly be called conscientious reasons. "My dad said every young man should go"; "When I saw the Belgian refugees in —, I felt it was time to do my bit"; "I couldn't sleep for thinking of what was going on in Belgium"; "I felt I must take the risks with the others." Men who joined through such motives do not make a "hireling army." Though they may instantly return to behaving like naughty children, they are marked, however faintly, with the stamp of the man who has once in his life regarded himself and his future as something worth throwing away. However hard they try, they can't quite escape from the effect of having once thought for themselves. And since they are soldiers for one definite and limited purpose, they are naturally more anxious to get on with the business than is a man who knows he will spend a large portion of his life in the army. For another thing, since the improvised character of new forces causes less to be done for us in the way of equipment and training, we have, I suspect, to do more for ourselves. The individual man has a share, though a minute one, in building up the system of which he is a part. We have to produce our own subordinate leaders. Anyone may become a section commander, and, in practice, section commanders are changed pretty often. Above all, we did not step into a ready-made organization with an established tradition. Instead of there being 1,000 trained men to fifty recruits, there are 1,000 recruits to fifty trained men. So we have to make our own *esprit de corps*, and to make it out of the rude individualism which is still, in spite of the intellectuals, the dominant temper of young Englishmen.

Discipline exists when that *esprit de corps* has been created and induced to flow in settled channels. On recruits who join the army in time of peace, it can, I suppose, be imposed from above. To do that in our case would be impossible; and the authorities, with the possible exception of one or two old soldiers among the N.C.O.'s, have usually had the good sense not to attempt it. The growth of discipline in this sense, the only one that matters, is very slow, for we are by no means clay in the hands of the potter. On the contrary, we criticise, ask questions, and want to know the why and wherefore of our proceedings, and since we are almost all equally ignorant of military matters, every man thinks that his opinion is worth as much as his neighbor's, and does not hesitate to say so. I have seen our section when it resembled a debating society. The N.C.O. who is new to the work finds it difficult to live up to the military assumption that because he is superior in rank to the private he is infallible, and when he is obviously mistaken the unpardonable "Sorry! my mistake" is repressed with difficulty. We are, in fact, much more than half-civilian, and if "Their's not to reason why" is the real spirit of an army, I don't think we shall ever be anything but civilian. But we are civilians with the difference made by a common rule of life, common occupations, and, later, I suppose, by common dangers. Indeed, the best description I can give of the conversion of a mob into an army is to say that it reminds me of the process of organizing an unorganized body of workers. The first big step was taken when men settled down to working together in sections, and came to regard their sections as a unit which could be compared and contrasted with others. The next was the difference made when the first large batch of N.C.O.'s were appointed and gradually mastered their work. It is, of course, on the N.C.O.'s much more than on the commissioned officer that the *moral* of a unit depends. Their choice is of really vital importance,

and I am not sure that it has always been very happily made. I have been struck by the acumen of my companions in the ranks in picking out the men who were likely to make a success of the job, and those who were not. Where their opinion has differed from that of the authorities, it has, I think, been nearly always right, and, personally, though the view is a heresy, I should like to see the appointment of section commanders, though probably not of the higher grades, left in the hands of the men themselves. After all, if the section commander is a fool, it is the men who will suffer when we come to business.

It would be interesting to speculate on the effect on the military and political future of the country of the passage of so vast a number of young men through some kind of military training. Will it make the army a popular career, and will many men want to remain in it when the war is over? Will it do anything to break down the practice of confining commissions almost entirely to the well-to-do classes? The first question, if I may trust my own narrow experience, I should answer with some emphasis in the negative. Though we've nothing whatever to complain of, and are far more comfortable than I expected, I know hardly any men who like a military life for its own sake. "The sooner we're shut of this damned war the better," is, perhaps, the general sentiment. I should say that nearly all of us joined because we felt that the larger the number of men in training the sooner the war was likely to be ended, and that we nearly all hope to return to our own jobs when it is over. We are, as I said, for good or evil, incurably civilian, and if anyone thinks that the war will make the army a popular institution, or strengthen the hands of the military authorities, I feel pretty sure that he will be disillusioned the moment peace is signed. Nor do I believe myself that, in the absence of large social changes, the war will do much to alter the social tone of the army. It is a pity. I can think of several men in my own company who would probably make good officers, and who have no more chance of getting commissions than they have of becoming Secretaries of State; besides, if N.C.O.'s were promoted more freely, there would be more chance of the private getting responsible work. But these are matters on which a lance-corporal has no business to have an opinion.

LANCE-CORPORAL.

Present-Day Problems.

TRADE UNION RULES AND THE WAR.

IT is of the first importance that the general public should be made aware of the real issues at stake in the three-cornered contest now going on between the engineering employers, the trade unions, and the Government. The vague statements in the Press, and the still vaguer appeal made to the unions by Mr. Tennant in the House, are alike calculated to mislead a public that understands neither engineering nor trade unionism; for in neither case has any real indication been given of the demands actually made by the employers, or of the reasons which led the trade unions to refuse them. As a result, the men, who but a few weeks ago were being complimented by the Government for the patriotic spirit they were displaying, are now being accused on all hands of every crime in the calendar.

In its general features the problem is simple. The engineering industry is busy beyond all precedent at the making of munitions of war; and, as 10,000 engineers have enlisted, there is a corresponding shortage of skilled labor. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with a membership of 175,000, has only 415 unemployed members in the whole country, and practically all these

cases can be easily accounted for. When we consider that there was severe unemployment in the industry during the first months of the war, and that large numbers of men who are now urgently needed at home were allowed to enlist without protest, it is hard to acquit the authorities of a share in creating the present difficult situation. A little more preparedness for the emergency would, in this, as in many other cases, have saved much trouble later on. No one seems to have anticipated the extent of the demands that would have to be made on the industry, and, even when this could be clearly foreseen, no one seems to have thought of securing at once that the necessary resources should be available.

However that may be, it is clear that the shortage of skilled men is a fact. The employers in December approached the unions with proposals for overcoming the difficulty; the unions replied with counter-proposals, which the employers dismissed as useless. The unions thereupon declared their willingness to meet the employers again in conference; the latter airily replied that they were willing to confer, provided the unions first conceded all their demands. To this preposterous proposal the unions answered, reiterating their readiness to confer, but refusing to make concessions in advance. Further negotiations have since taken place, in which the Government has taken a hand; but as yet no agreement has been reached.

What, then, were the proposals which the employers made? They can be very briefly described. They demanded that the unions should agree "not to press the following questions to an issue, but to confine themselves to noting any such by way of protest for the purpose of safeguarding their interests"—manning of machines and of hand operations, the demarcation of work between trades, the employment of non-union labor and of female labor, and the whole question of the limitation of overtime. That is to say, the employers' demands covered the whole field of trade union working rules, and the proposal was that an absolutely free hand should be given to the masters, subject only to a right of protest, which could not be backed up by action of any sort on the men's side.

It is true that with these proposals the employers coupled certain guarantees which they were prepared to give. They promised that the innovations should be for the period of the war only, and that they would revert to the old conditions at its close. They also undertook to pay to all workers the standard rates for the jobs on which they might, for the moment, be engaged. Why, then, in face of these promises, did the unions remain obdurate?

Their reasons are clear. In the first place, the guarantee came only from the federated employers. There are, however, many engineering employers not in the Federation, and it is in the unfederated shops that trade unionism is, generally speaking, weakest. If, then, the unfederated employers refused at the end of the war to revert to the old conditions, the unions would have to fight a series of battles just where they are weakest, with the knowledge that, if they failed to bring the unfederated employers into line, the masters in the Federation would find themselves undercut by the lower rates paid outside, and would, sooner or later, themselves be forced to attempt to lower wages or to reimpose the emergency conditions. A mere guarantee from the Employers' Federation could therefore in no circumstances be enough; it would have to be coupled with a guarantee from the Government that the unfederated employers would be brought into line.

Even if this difficulty were surmounted, a still graver objection remains. The employers demanded an absolutely free hand in setting unskilled and semi-skilled workers on the machines which are now the monopoly of the skilled men. The effect of this would be that, by the end of the war, there would be a great surplus of trained workers competing for a very restricted number of skilled jobs. The policy of limitation, on which the rates of the skilled men rest, would be no longer possible, and the competition of those who returned from the front, and those who found their occupation of making war munitions gone, would depress the level of skilled wages

all over the country to an unprecedented extent. Moreover, a fall in the rates of skilled men would inevitably be followed by a similar fall in the rates of semi-skilled and unskilled workers. The engineers were asked, in the name of patriotism, to bring upon themselves an aggravated depression which would rob them of all the victories of the last half-century.

However anxious both parties may be not to hamper the Government, there can be no settlement on such lines. It remains to see, first, what were the counter-proposals made by the unions, and, secondly, whether the employers could not have made a more reasonable demand. Let us begin with the suggestions made by the men.

They proposed that firms now engaged on private work not connected with the war should be given Government work (in effect, an application to the Government to extend its contract list to firms now outside it), that those firms which are even now working short time should transfer their surplus workers to the busier centres; that a subsistence allowance should be paid by the Government to induce such workers to migrate; that skilled men should be drafted from other parts of the Empire (the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, it may be said, has still seven hundred unemployed members in its overseas branches), and that the skilled men who have enlisted should, wherever they are not needed for skilled work with the Army, be recalled to the more pressing work which they have left. The five unions concerned, the Engineers, the Steam Engine Makers, the Toolmakers, the United Machine Workers, and the Scientific Instrument Makers, contend that, if these proposals were carried into effect, the shortage would cease. Whether or no this is the case, they would undoubtedly go far towards solving the problem.

It may, perhaps, be admitted that these suggestions would not completely meet the case. This, however, is no reason for demanding that the men should accept the complete and unconditional surrender claimed by the employers, which would involve widespread discontent, and might well result in a policy of *ca'canny*. It is noteworthy that the employers' proposals were absolutely sweeping; they asked, not for the relaxation of this or that particular rule relating to demarcation, manning of machines, or the like, but, to all intents and purposes, for the complete and general abrogation of the rules as a whole. If they had come, if they were even now to come, to the men with a request for the modification of some specific rule, there can be little doubt that their request would have received and would still receive sympathetic consideration.

It is because they have chosen to ask for everything that they have so far got nothing at all. A guarantee from the Federation, backed by a guarantee from the Government, might well induce the unions to make the relaxations of rule that are really necessary; they would be mad to allow the employers, under pretext of the national emergency, to make a holocaust of all safeguards. It may well be that along these lines a compromise will still be found; that there will be no general relaxation of rules, but carefully scheduled relaxations in particular instances, subject to a double guarantee that, after the war, there will be a return to the existing conditions. Such concessions, coupled with the adoption of the suggestions put forward by the unions, will be enough to remove the shortage. The engineers will have problems enough to face when the coming of peace dislocates their industry, without robbing themselves of their single safeguard—trade union organization and regulation.

G. D. H. COLE.

1815 AND 1915-16.

PROBABLY very few people, if professors and serious students of history are omitted, are aware of the very strenuous efforts made by the Congress of Vienna, 1814-15, after the end of the Napoleonic wars, to induce the autocratically governed countries of Europe to abandon absolutism and adopt free representative institutions as affording the best security for a permanent peace. I may as well confess at once that I did not know this myself until quite recently. My attention was first called

to the subject by an interesting article by Professor Gilbert Murray in the October number of the "*Hibbert Journal*," in which he drew attention particularly to the fact that the Congress of Vienna unanimously condemned the slave trade, and thus did much finally to put an end to one of the most hideous of human wrongs. His cheerful argument was that if a Congress where the leading personalities were the Emperor of Austria, the Tsar of Russia, the King of Prussia, Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh were, at the end of a great war, capable of fixing their minds, not on shams, "but on ideals, great and true, humane and simple," what might we not hope from the next Congress which must necessarily meet after the close of the present great war, and in which the leading personalities would almost certainly be men much more open to and receptive of the democratic idea than were the men of a hundred years ago?

This delightful vision (worthy of a poet) sent me to my history books, and I turned particularly to Sir A. W. Ward's chapters on the Congress of Vienna in the ninth volume of the "*Cambridge Modern History*." What I found there much more than fulfilled all I had hoped for. In the first place, the Congress of 1815 did aim at laying the foundations of a lasting peace, and although they failed, as so many writers have shown, mainly through their flagrant disregard of the rights of nationalities, yet they had seized or become seized of the right principle when they definitely advocated free representative institutions, with political power in the hands of the people, in the place of absolute monarchies with political power in the hands of the dynasts and their satellites. All the Powers seem to have accepted this as a general principle. Even Austria did not reject it, so long as it was understood that it was not to be applied to herself. In the end, all the Powers, with the exception of Spain and the Papal States (and every Power in Europe was represented, including each canton of Switzerland), sent in their adhesion to the final Act, which included the promised adoption in one form or another of representative constitutions in Russian Poland and in all the German States, except Austria. The promise of Frederick William of Prussia was even more definite, precise, and personal. The draft guaranteeing representative government in the whole of the Prussian monarchy was signed by him on May 22nd, 1815; the only alteration in the original instrument insisted on by the King being the substitution of the words "*will be granted*" for "*shall be granted*." So far as practical results were concerned, the King could have been indifferent; "*shall*" or "*will*," it was all the same to him. Because in neither sense was his promise kept.

But the chief point for us now is the fact that the Congress of Vienna, following the principles laid down by Kant in his essay on a "*Perpetual Peace*," relied on the assumption that it is dynasts and not peoples who wage wars of aggression. Kant had pointed out that an autocrat can order a war with as great ease as he can order a hunting party. If his military preparations are good, or he believes them to be good, he stands to gain much and lose nothing by war. He does not seriously risk his person or his property; he simply plays the great game, held in his own circle to be the only worthy sport of Kings and Emperors. The people, on the other hand, stand to suffer poignant misery, incredible horrors and losses, those who win as well as those who lose; therefore, argued Kant, "put political power in the hands of the people, and the risk of war will be enormously reduced."

Experience of nearly a century and a quarter since Kant's essay was written confirms the soundness of his principle. There has been in those 120 years an enormous growth of democracy, and democracies have not made wars of aggression. They have taken part in wars of freedom and defence, but they have not been the sinners who have made wanton attacks on inoffensive neighbors for the sake of aggrandizement, or in the hope of averting public attention from troublesome domestic questions.

My hope is that the next great Congress of the Powers may again endorse the Kantian principle that

democracy is the best safeguard against war, but may give it a new application and a wider interpretation than was contemplated in 1795 or in 1815. Democracy means now more than it meant then. "The people" now means the men and women of every nation. This is being more and more realized in every part of the world. To extend self-government and political power to women would enormously strengthen the forces which make for peace. The gigantic cost of war in precious lives comes home to women as the mother sex, even more vividly than it does to men; indeed, it is only since the dawn of the women's movement that a serious effort has been made by the rulers of the world to check in any way the hideous waste of life which war involves. Before the age of Florence Nightingale, hundreds of thousands of lives were simply thrown away by absence of decent care.

I do not claim that women would be immune from the war fever; but I do claim that they are more likely than men are to seek, before the war fever sets in, to produce conditions likely to prevent wars, to strengthen those relations between States which lead to mutual understanding and goodwill, rather than relations based on mutual hatred and rivalry. It is this point of view that we must endeavor with all the strength we have to bring before the statesmen who will meet at the next great Congress. They will meet, let us trust, in a mood not inferior to that which prevailed at Vienna a hundred years ago, intent on fixing their minds on establishing conditions which will make aggressive wars impossible. "It is not good for man to be alone." And has man alone made such a splendid success of the government of the world that he can afford to be contemptuous of the help that can be extended to him by women? Let the stricken fields of France, Belgium, and Poland answer, and the desolated homes in every belligerent country.

I believe that already something of this feeling is beginning to make itself felt in the world, and it is strengthened by the terrible sufferings which this war has brought upon women. It is idle to attempt a sum in arithmetic, and exactly compare the sufferings of men and women in war time. The agony of both is incredible, and not to be measured. Let any man imagine, if he can, what must be the mental and moral anguish of a woman condemned to bear a child begotten in rape and hatred by a victorious enemy. Such women, in no small numbers in France and Belgium, are facing their shattered lives to-day, and the French Government, so we learn (see "Le Temps," February 13th, and "Manchester Guardian," February 12th), are considering in what way such women can best be helped to bear their almost unfathomable misery. However hideous the sufferings of men in war, have they had to face any position which makes them loathe their own flesh and the light of day?

Let, then, the woman's point of view be considered, and the woman's voice be heard. Let them be put in a position to help men in the future to make all but defensive wars impossible.

The women in every belligerent country have been loyal to their men, and have endeavored by every means in their power to strengthen and sustain the vital energies of their nation. They are beginning, in the more advanced countries, to be recognized as political entities. Statesmen will be attending the Congress who will have had experience of women as voters, and who will therefore know by positive experience that the fantastic fears of the anti-Suffragists are wholly without foundation. There are twenty-six countries affiliated to the International Women's Suffrage Alliance; if any fair proportion of these can charge the representatives of their own country at the Congress to remember that there is no true democracy as long as half the people are left out, and are destitute of every vestige of political power, 1915 will show a great and worthy advance over 1815. Kant's principle will be newly interpreted, and the fact will once more be vindicated that the peace of the world is in much safer keeping in the hands of the men and women who are the greatest sufferers by war than it is in those of the five or six crowned heads and their satellites, who now have the power at any moment to plunge the world into war.

MILlicENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. GOKHALE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The death of Mr. Gokhale, though not altogether unexpected, for he had for some time past been ill of an irremediable complaint—nevertheless comes as a grievous shock to those who knew him and were in any degree associated with his work. In talent and character he was extraordinary, combining in a singular degree the visionary qualities of the Indian saint with the dexterity and perspective of Western public life. Even in India, where saints are not uncommon, Gokhale's saintliness shone with a peculiar lustre; for not only was he utterly disinterested in his pursuit of patriotic ends, caring nothing for wealth or station, but his rare spiritual intensity was united to a subtlety of mind, a quick grasp of practical detail, and a gift for action, qualities not usually associated with the devotional temperament of the East. That he was a great orator I can well believe, for his use of English was exact and brilliant and entirely free from the redundancy and magniloquence which is sometimes imputed to Indian eloquence. As a member of a Royal Commission, he always knew what he wanted to get from a witness, and, in a few terse and apposite questions, generally managed to get it. Though his training had been mathematical, he was well-read in modern historical and political literature, and had collected at Poona an excellent library, centred round the nationalist idea, to the study of which he was wont to dedicate some part of every year. Yet neither in learning nor in the conduct of affairs had he any touch of pedantry. He could distinguish a big issue from a small one, and was ready to jettison unessential things, if by concession he might achieve the larger objects which he had in view.

In the general commerce of life there could be no more gracious or easy companion. But though he could adapt his conversation to circumstances and have a pretty gift of delicate humor, he always contrived to make you feel that he was living in an atmosphere of his own, and that the sadness of an Indian village was never very far from his mind.

In politics, he might be described as a mid-Victorian Radical, owing intellectual allegiance to J. S. Mill, but also largely influenced by Mazzini, whom he resembled in moral intensity and fervor. He made no secret of his ambitious for India. Believing in Parliamentary institutions, and himself possessed of considerable Parliamentary gifts, he desired to see India become a self-governing member of the British Empire after the model of Canada or Australia. That the way might be long and difficult he was ready to concede for the sake of argument; but his real belief was otherwise, and very characteristic of the mystical element in his nature. He thought that the result might be achieved by a sudden illumination of the Indian spirit, and in this feeling he was encouraged by the witness of Japan.

Critics have urged that he was vain of applause—an allegation brought against all orators; and if he was also hypersensitive and of a combustible temper, these qualities, which also belong to the soul of an orator, were never so developed as to make him intractable. His friends will long remember him with affectionate regret as one of the best and noblest of men, an honor to India, in whose service he labored, and to Great Britain, from whose thinkers and poets he derived no small part of his inspiration.—Yours, &c.,

H. A. L. FISHER.

Sheffield, February 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of us who enjoyed the privilege of personal intimacy with Mr. Gokhale perceived very quickly that the ruling motive of his life was a passionate desire to raise his countrymen. His published speeches reiterate an unchanging message to his fellow-Indians—the twofold appeal to self-training and self-sacrifice for the Motherland. Would it not be an appropriate act of gratitude on the part of the Government of India, a memorial to, perhaps, her greatest patriot and truly her most faithful servant, to bring forward

his Bill for free and compulsory education, and to carry it through without delay? It is too late, alas! to come as a victory to a brave warrior who refused to recognize the finality of defeat, but as an *amende honorable* it would go far in persuading the millions of India that the Government estimates at its right value loyalty combined with glowing patriotism. "It will, no doubt," as he himself said, "be given to our countrymen of future generations to serve India by their successes; we of the present generation must be content to serve her mainly by our failures."—Yours, &c.,

K. M. RATCLIFFE.

127, Willifield Way, Golder's Green, N.W.
February 25th, 1915.

SCHISMATIC "CATHOLICISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Headlam misses the point. We are all agreed in desiring to provide for the spiritual needs of our soldiers, but we are necessarily confronted with the practical difficulties of doing so *if those needs are so diverse as to make any measure of common provision impossible*. Dissenters have suffered much in the past because they held views so abnormal that they could not be officially considered. So soon as their views became so far popular as to command the acceptance of considerable numbers of men, the demand for their practical recognition became irresistible. Has it come to this pass in the Church of England, that its inner dissidence is such that the Government ought justly to ignore it as a single communion, and break it up into sections, making separate provision for everyone? As I read the letter which I quoted in your columns, nothing less than that is the writer's claim. He makes it clear enough that, in his judgment, the official provision now made for the members of the Church of England cannot possibly satisfy those whom he describes as "Catholics"; and I suggest that the inevitable inference from his argument is that the so-called "Catholic" teaching, which creates this intractable attitude, is properly in tendency and character schismatic, as leading confessedly to a breach of external communion.

It is irrelevant to speak of the claims of individual consciences, and unfair to suggest that there is any reluctance to satisfy them. We must recognize the conditions under which in any Army religious provision can be made, and we cannot ignore the ecclesiastical consequences of "Catholic" teaching which evidently makes individual preferences the measure of corporate duty.

The references to myself I pass over as not relevant to any useful issue, and nowise requiring any notice from me.—Yours, &c.,

H. HENSLEY HENSON.

The Deanery, Durham.
February 20th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To those who are attempting to study the deeper movements of the time there is a particular significance in the Dean of Durham's letter in your last issue. It purports to be an attack upon "Schismatical Catholics" and, incidentally, upon the "Church Times." I think it is rather more than that. There is some reason for the concerted assault by prominent dignitaries upon those who hold the full Christian faith. The use by Dr. Henson of the old weapons, "Confession" and "Mass," indicates not so much the value of the controversial prejudice which those words were wont to raise, but the irritation and the chagrin of the destructive party. Hereford and Durham are not angry with the "Church Times" without reason. The reason is that to-day a deep religious yearning is being aroused which finds in the comfortable negativism of Deans and Canons a sorry satisfaction. It sweeps past the pretty epithet and the eloquent platitude. It wants actuality in religion; the real contact with God. And from too many highly placed dignitaries it hears the embroidered polemic and the dull, dead doubting.

Walter Pater's criticism of "Robert Elsmere" appeared in a Church paper; but I quote a passage from it which, I venture to think, illustrates the point: "Robert Elsmere was a type of a large class of minds who cannot be sure that

the sacred story is true. It is philosophical, doubtless, and a duty to the intellect to recognize our doubts, to locate them, perhaps to give them practical effect. It may also be a moral duty to do this. But then there is also a large class of minds which cannot be sure it is false—minds of very various degrees of conscientiousness and intellectual power up to the highest. They will think those who are quite sure it is false unphilosophical through lack of doubt. For their part they make allowances in their scheme of life for a great possibility and, with some of them, that bare concession of possibility (the subject of it being what it is) becomes the most important fact in the world. The recognition of it straightway opens wide the door to hope and love; and such persons are, as we fancy they always will be, the nucleus of a Church. Their particular phase of doubt, of philosophic uncertainty, has been the secret of millions of good Christians, multitudes of worthy priests."

What has the Dean of Durham and his brethren of Hereford for us laymen who enter a little into the spirit of this autobiographic chapter? From Hereford we are bidden to doubt the fundamental doctrines. From Durham we are bidden to condemn an age-long privilege of professing Christians, enshrined in our own Prayer-book, and covered by the canons of the English Church. We "who make allowance in our scheme of life for a great possibility" find that we are helped to-day by scientists, encouraged by philosophers, consoled by the arts. But by the comfortable dignitaries of the Church we are bidden to despair. They do not arouse England with a trumpet-call at the hideous sins against young women which to-day mark the streets of cathedral cities; they warn us in Bampton lectures against belief, and in letters in a secular journal against "opening our grief." The special temptations of the soldiers move Lord Kitchener to a moral appeal; they move the Dean of Durham to ecclesiological polemic.

And the humble French priests come from the trenches, mud-bespattered and damp and cold, and repair to the little churches and hear confessions, the sorrow-burdens of souls who have whispered to Death, and Death has heard them. The "door to hope and love" is here assuredly. It is hardly disrespectful to suggest a comparison. In the scale of the eternal things, measured by Him who assuredly looks with sorrowing eyes upon Europe's tragedy, the work of the lowly soldier-priests is perhaps more treasured in Heaven than the scornful epithets of the comfortable dignitaries of English cathedrals.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEE.

10, Thirlmere Road, Streatham, S.W.
February 17th, 1915.

INOCULATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You express the opinion that the case for inoculation is well attested. May I proffer some reasons for doubting this? I will stick to our Army and the Wright vaccine (so mis-called), partly for reasons of space, and partly because other varieties of serum are used in other armies (Metchnikoff denounced Wright's serum as worthless). The figures announced by Sir Frederick Treves seem to have made a greater impression than any other, and I will therefore examine them.

The first batch, given out on January 22nd at the Chadwick Lectures, announced 212 cases of typhoid in the six months of the war. A couple of hundred cases out of several hundred thousand men in six months would, I think, be derided by any trained statistician as a basis for any serious deduction, even if all the essential factors of the situation were given. As it is, none of the essential factors are given.

Sir William Leishman, in giving an earlier instalment at the Royal Sanitary Institute (December 8th), admitted, "statistically, these figures are valueless without our knowing the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men present." "They knew at the beginning," said Sir William, "but did not know now."

You will ask, sir, why don't they know? And echo answers, Why? These gentlemen talk with pride and unction of "medical science," but a real scientist who handled a grave problem with the reckless levity common in the medical profession would be suspected of weak intel-

lect. About to embark on a vast experiment which might crucially test the value of this inoculation, you would have expected that every precaution would be taken to keep an exact statistical record of every case inoculated and uninoculated, and here is Sir William Leishman admitting they do not know the proportions of these two classes. He says they knew at first, but even *this* is open to doubt.

Mr. Tennant, asked in Parliament the other day as to this proportion among the troops first sent out, could not say exactly, but was willing to take it at 30 per cent. inoculated for 70 uninoculated. Therefore, in any case, other things being equal, and supposing inoculation useless, we should still have expected among these troops seven cases of typhoid in the uninoculated for three in the inoculated. Among the 212 cases given by Sir Frederick, the proportion was 173 to 39 (only 173 had never been inoculated at all, though 28 of the 39 had been "inefficiently" inoculated). If these cases were all among the first sent out, the proportion, other things being equal, should have been 122 to 90, so this does not give any great advantage to the inoculated. But, sir, why suppose that other things were equal? This is for the inoculators to prove. It stands to reason that in so large a battle area the conditions promotive of typhoid must vary infinitely in different places, and, moreover, the susceptibility of the troops would vary with fatigue, privation, anxiety, &c. The troops most tried in this way were those first sent out (the least inoculated). Moreover, as being the best troops, they would be most frequently in the advanced trenches, the trenches most difficult to provision with pure water and food, most difficult to keep sanitary. Is it not plain, sir, that the figures given by Sir Frederick Treves (an eminent abdominal surgeon but evidently no statistician) prove nothing whatever as they stand, except that it is possible for "fully protected men" to get typhoid?

There is the same difficulty in getting trustworthy statistics of the South African War. How many men were inoculated? God knows! All we know is that Sir Almroth supplied 400,000 doses. Result—57,000 cases of typhoid according to Leishman, 31,000 according to Sir Almroth.

It was dropped like a hot coal for some years, but Sir Almroth stuck to his guns, and Mr. Brodrick appointed a Departmental Committee. The Committee reported against it. Still Sir Almroth refused defeat. He got another Committee appointed, and himself on it. From this was extracted a verdict in his favor; but, mark you, sir! it reported against compulsion.

When the Japanese, *without* inoculation and with a larger army, went through the Manchurian campaign (relying only on sanitary precautions) with less than a sixth of the typhoid casualties we had *with* inoculation, it became difficult for the naked eye to discern any sufficient reason for the urgency of Sir Almroth and his followers on behalf of inoculation.

Why not rely, like the Japanese, on sanitation? Impossible in such a war! So far from impossible that Sir Frederick has just told us that our sanitary arrangements surpass even the Japanese—"They are without a parallel in history." Ah! but typhoid may penetrate any sanitary precautions.

When a whole profession experience a "felt want" which a theory will satisfy, that theory is generally forthcoming. Behold, arise then the "typhoid carrier"! It is a little difficult to keep a straight face before the "typhoid carrier." According to this theory, one healthy person can take disease from another healthy person who has not got it, this other person having the gift of being able to carry the baleful typhoid germ without inconvenience. It is a mysterious as well as a baleful germ. While it can be present in persons free from typhoid, it can be absent from persons suffering from a fever clinically indistinguishable from typhoid. It has also the curious property of perishing rapidly in sewage, which yet is known to cause typhoid fever.

All the arguments I have seen for inoculation are vitiated in precisely the same way—viz., that, seeing typhoid derives from well-ascertained insanitary conditions, they yet make no effort to prove that the various fluctuations of typhoid incidence which they adduce are not paral-

leled by similar fluctuations in the sanitary conditions obtaining.

Moreover, sir, in these statistics as given we are constantly coming across demonstrable inaccuracies. Without impugning the good faith of those responsible, it is at least significant that these mistakes always tell in favor of inoculation and never against it. Mr. Tennant announced that Corporal Nichols had died of pneumonia, though his death certificate gave inoculation as the primary cause of death. He also denied that Lance-corporal Goatley had been discharged from the Army (a result of vaccination), although his certificate of discharge was then in Goatley's possession. Sir Frederick said there had been no death from typhoid in an inoculated man, yet the "British Medical Journal," of January 9th, contained details of such in a man who died at a base hospital in December after a double inoculation that year.

I have given but a mere sketch and hint of the overwhelming case against inoculation. I have not dealt with what I consider far the most important part of the question—viz., the danger to the equilibrium of the constitution through the blood-poisoning with the products of a rather loathsome disease. I will merely add that when a paper like the "Morning Post" (February 8th) admits that compulsion is not to be thought of, it is painful to see a champion of liberty like THE NATION entertaining the idea, apparently with composure, especially after the scandalous efforts made by the War Office, at the bidding of a medical clique, to stifle all discussion on the subject.—Yours, &c.,

E. B. McCORMICK

(Ed. "Vaccination Inquirer").

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

February 18th, 1915.

BERNARD SHAW ON THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as one who insists upon the reality of neutrality, be permitted to face Mr. Shaw's six propositions?

1. Germany has violated Belgium's neutrality. Personally, I do not admit Germany's—or anybody else's—right to force their way into Belgium and lay waste her country and butcher her people. But, in any case, Germany had promised to leave Belgium alone in the event of European complications, and she has broken her word.

2. If England has violated Belgium's neutrality by responding to her appeal for assistance against Germany's attack upon her, the absurdity follows that Belgium is violating her own neutrality in resisting Germany's invasion of her territory.

3. Great Britain's former actions in China are quite irrelevant to the point at issue. Two blacks do not make a white.

4. Britain did not refuse to respect Belgium's neutrality except on a condition. Britain demanded that Belgium's neutrality should be respected universally and unconditionally, and went to war with the only nation that refused to do so.

5. "Germany offered peace to Belgium." At the time, Belgium enjoyed peace. How, then, could Germany seriously offer Belgium what she already possessed?

6. "Britain ordered war." She did; and Mr. Shaw has not attempted to adduce any reason why she should have done otherwise.

Mr. Shaw is equally perverse over the Monroe doctrine; in fact, his letter reads as if he did not know what the Monroe doctrine is. The Monroe doctrine is very far from being balderdash. If Mr. Shaw was threatened with physical violence by a bigger man than himself, would he, may I ask, consider the escort and protection of an extremely burly policeman balderdash?

But to return to the war. Mr. Shaw's contention that the victory or defeat of the belligerents will not alter either justice, human rights, ethnology, religion, or language is Jesuitical. The justice or ethical principles of the final settlement at the end of the war are beside the point. Who is to say what is just and what is right? Two parties are at war, each with a different idea of justice. It is a fight between moral codes as much as anything else, and the victor will force her moral code upon the vanquished. It is

only when there is a common basis of morality to work on that arbitration is possible.

Mr. Shaw insists that only the Belgians have any rights in Belgium. I submit, however, that they have also the right to say who has any right to be in their country, and that they have an absolute right, if they choose to exercise it (as they have done), to invite assistance from their neighbors, not only in the enterprises of peace, but also in the extremities of war.—Yours, &c.,

BUZFUZ.

Donegal, February 21st, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter to THE NATION the following sentence occurs: "If the United States should ever decide to annex Canada and Alaska on the ground that the Monroe doctrine obviously requires the extrusion of Britain and Russia from the North American Continent," &c. Is Mr. Shaw not aware that Alaska was sold by Russia to the United States in 1867?—Yours, &c.,

A SCHOOLBOY.

February 20th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw has small regard for your readers' patience or for your own space; but he might at least "mug up" a little history before he undertakes to instruct the universe. In his last letter he speaks of the doings of "Henry V. in France," and alludes somewhat darkly to the time when the United States may decide to annex Alaska. A visit to the nearest Carnegie Library would, I hope, convince even Mr. Shaw that Henry V. has not yet reigned in France, and that the United States annexed Alaska in 1867.—Yours, &c.,

F.

February 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter in your current issue is so full of inaccuracies and misrepresentations that it is impossible to answer it seriously; but there is one amazing passage which even the great master of paradox will find it hard to explain.

He says: "Neutrality is utter humbug. That is my position. There is no such thing as a breach of neutrality. I hope that is clear enough."

Very well, then, what of this sentence a few lines further on? "Germany has not violated Belgian neutrality. . . . France and England have violated the neutrality of Belgium by invading her. . . ." Having first stated that no such thing as neutrality exists, and therefore Germany, the impeccable, could not possibly violate the non-existent, he coolly states that France and England had performed a miracle and achieved the impossible!

His further contention is that Germany not being able to violate a neutrality which did not exist, did not invade Belgium, but simply made war upon her (*ergo*, she is Belgium's true friend). The Allies, on the other hand, did not make war on Belgium, but simply invaded her (*ergo*, they are Belgium's real enemies). One might refer Mr. Shaw to the dictionary definition of invasion: "to enter the enemy's country, to encroach"—and ask him how Germany managed to reach Liège, Namur, Brussels, Antwerp, and Ostend without "invading"—i.e., "entering or encroaching on" the country. But is it worth while? What purpose is Mr. Shaw serving by writing rubbish of this sort? Does he simply want to test the preoccupation of the public with the war and see how many people will still read his nonsense and imagine it to be clever sense?

Mr. Shaw is probably one of those rare beings who can retain a lofty indifference to the tragedy and sorrow around him, and is untouched by the fact that, when thousands of his friends are losing those they love and cherish most in a war which they believe with all their hearts is being waged in the cause of Right, jeers and jibes are as cruel as they are stupid.

Possibly, Mr. Shaw is angry because the favorite object

of his scorn—the British soldier—can no longer be caricatured with any hope of success for a public which has come to look upon him as a rather wonderful person, capable of amazing coolness and courage, and a superb indifference to physical suffering. Or perhaps he is annoyed that the British lion has not turned out to be the guy of Mr. Shaw's fervid Irish imagination, but has roared so effectively as to earn the respect and admiration of the greater part of the world.

In any case, to paraphrase my own rebuke, if Mr. Shaw cannot be sufficiently human to be sympathetic, cannot he at least be sufficiently merciful to be silent?—Yours, &c.,

E. M. J.

London, February 21st, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why did Germany attack Russia? Why did Germany and Austria invite Italy to aid them in coercing Serbia many months before the assassination of the Archduke?

Mr. Shaw ignores these pertinent questions, apparently because they would not fit in with his exposition of the now somewhat well-worn doctrine of fear as the determining cause of the war. Perhaps, also, because the answer to them would conclusively prove that Europe is at war because Germany willed war, not in fear but in pride and in the lust of conquest. And even "the amiable drifters, the snobs, the prigs, the futile amateurs, the well-intentioned innocents" and the upholders of the "utter humbug" of neutrality, and the "balderdash" and "tosh" of the Monroe doctrine know that, however hard Mr. Shaw may wrestle with his subject, he must not—nay, he shall not—arrive at that conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

INTERNATIONALIST.

February 22nd, 1915.

FORGIVENESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The explanation for which I am asked is simple. Mr. R. K. Clark ignores a distinction which seems to me fundamental. There are differences of nature between the Divine Being, a human being, and a national polity; and divine forgiveness differs from human forgiveness and from national forgiveness in character and regenerative power. The power of forgiveness depends on the sense of personal sympathy it conveys, and on the conditions of time and place in which it is exercised. We cannot dispense a dose of forgiveness with confidence as to its action on a national disease; forgiveness involves a change of relationship between two parties—the injured who forgives, and the perpetrator of the wrong who accepts forgiveness. There is surely a confusion of mind in appealing to British citizens to forgive the wrongs done to Belgians; the assurance that Great Britain was prepared to forgive them could hardly be regarded by the Germans as anything but an impertinence. The pacifists were mistaken last summer as to the temper of the English people, and they misled the Germans; but there is no kindness in adding insult to injury. The terms of a treaty are of the nature of a bargain in regard to material advantages; and, according to everyday experience, this is not a sphere in which forgiveness and generosity are readily appreciated. When a train is crowded, a railway company may forego its claims for the difference of fare in the case of a passenger who is travelling first-class with a third-class ticket; but the recipient of the boon is sometimes ungracious enough to grumble because the company had not provided enough third-class accommodation. Generosity exercised by an official on behalf of the shareholders of a railway company does not necessarily evoke the gratitude of a commercial traveller; it may only give him an occasion for boasting that he has scored a point. Is there any ground for believing that the German people are more impressionable?—Yours, &c.,

W. CUNNINGHAM.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

February 22nd, 1915.

RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I can only imagine that Mr. Israel Zangwill's blustering personal rudeness towards me is inspired by a wish to beat up a great dust, so as to hide the matter about which I wrote to THE NATION—the unpleasant fact that the Russian Jewish Socialist Party has been publishing false news of a pogrom at Lodz, and so weakening the strength and unity of the Allies.

The author of so many charming books can hardly be so impolite by nature as Mr. Zangwill's letter would seem to indicate. Until lately, I have always connected Mr. Zangwill with a long sunny afternoon in the gorge of Dariel, when I read with great enjoyment a witty and sprightly volume of his—"The Mantle of Elijah."

I do not really know whether I ought to claim the valuable space of THE NATION to defend my own reputation against attacks, but—

1. I have never written anywhere that M. Sazonoff said that nothing would be done for the Jews.

2. My "English Review" article is not anti-Semitic, but, on the contrary, it is a broad and clear statement of a great problem. The dinner-table conversation with Lord Reading was not printed without his permission; I sent the article to him, and he read it through before publication in the "English Review." M. Sazonoff also gave me express permission to quote his remarks.

Mr. Zangwill, I am sure, does himself and the Jewish community harm by trying to see in a friend of Russia a necessary enemy of the Jews, and by giving his name to the Russian Jewish Socialist Party which has issued this manifesto about pogroms in Poland. Mr. Zangwill is a great Jew, and Jewry is justly proud of him; but he should not speak of "Mr. Stephen Graham and his tribe." My tribe happens to be—British.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

60, Frith Street, Soho Square, W.
February 25th, 1915.

WAR AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is one point—an important one, it seems to me—upon which the writer of the article on "The War and Woman Suffrage," in THE NATION, does not touch, and which I, for one, would like to have discussed. It is the problem of the overwhelming numerical superiority of women over men in the suggested electorate which, of course, will be even greater after the war is over. This means that women will have the casting vote on all questions, and that, practically, the re-moulding of the destiny of our great Empire and of Europe, to which we shall be called with our Allies to decide, will be in their hands. I feel sure I speak for the large majority of the members of my sex when I say that we women shrink from such a terrible responsibility, knowing ourselves to be unfit for it. Ripe experience, wise judgment, the widest the most enlightened vision should preside at the birth of the new world which is to emerge from this cruel welter of war. Can we women bring the necessary qualities to this, the greatest task the world has ever had before it? Are we to begin our new life as electors with this Herculean burden on our feeble shoulders? It is hardly fair to ask us to undertake it.

The criticism in the article on the German national characteristics was interesting, though I cannot entirely agree with it. Cruelty and hardness are not prerogatives of one sex. The cruellest things I have come across, in a fairly long life and varied experience, have been done by women, who, I have felt, so acted from narrowness of insight and imagination or from lack of self-control. Do not some of the defects of the German character, which are standing out so clearly now, arise from an inability to see an opponent's point of view, a belief in their own infallibility, and a deficiency in humor? All of which are generally recognized as specially feminine in quality.—Yours, &c.,

F. E. MACWILLIAM.

Inverden, Cults, Aberdeenshire.
February 18th, 1915.

[Is the government of the State to be representative of

all the elements in it or only of some? And has the ruling element managed affairs so well as to deserve its monopoly of power, especially when, as our correspondent suggests, it will be in a minority, though probably in a quite temporary minority, of the adult population?—ED., NATION.]

SALARIES OF NURSES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your issue of February 13th, with regard to this question, and as Chairman of the Personnel Committee, I beg to reply as follows:—

At the end of October, when the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem decided to join forces, it was found that the Order of St. John was paying its nurses £1 per week and the British Red Cross Society was paying theirs £2 2s. a week, and it was decided that all nurses should be paid on the same scale. The payment of £2 2s. per week was the amount associated with the first six months' contracts issued by the British Red Cross Society, and though doubtless it was not in excess of what the nurses deserved, the joint societies felt that, as trustees of the money that the public have generously subscribed for the sick and wounded soldiers, they would not be justified in paying at double the usual rate.

The payment of £1 1s. for the new contracts was recommended by a body of ex-hospital matrons, who are kindly advising the joint societies on all matters relating to the Nursing Department, and these, I am sure, would be the last persons in the world to propose what your correspondent calls a "sweating wage."

The ordinary pay of a hospital nurse in this country is £40 a year. The Army pay their nurses at the rate of £40 in their first year and £50 for sisters. The pay, therefore, which is being offered by the societies to their nurses is slightly above the usual rate of private and public service.

The joint societies have many scores of surgeons working for them who have given up lucrative practices in order to accept the pay of a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, which is £1 a day. Your correspondent says that there are some surgeons who are being paid at the rate of £5,000 a year. In respect to this, I would remark that three or four illustrious surgeons have received the temporary rank of lieutenant-colonel from the War Office, but the pay of that rank does not approach a quarter of the amount which your correspondent mentions. Whatever their pay may be, it is borne by the War Office and not by the joint committee on whose behalf I write.—Yours, &c.,

EDMUND OWEN, F.R.C.S.

83, Pall Mall, London, S.W.
February 18th, 1915.

Poetry.

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

O God! I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in days of sweet laughter,
Thought not of dying—oh! death is such waste of me!—
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of men to be black, as though I had died not—
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—the life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Ah, let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, for my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make this last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

JOHN GALESWORTHY.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Russia and the World." By Stephen Graham. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Old World in the New: The Significance of Past and Present Immigration to the American People." By E. A. Ross. (Unwin. 10s. net.)
- "Arabia Infelix, or the Turks in Yemen." By G. Wyman Bury. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Human German." By Edward Edgeworth. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Hermaia: A Study in Comparative Esthetics." By Colin McAlpin. (Dent. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament." By Sir W. M. Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.)
- "Modern Philosophers, and Lectures on Bergson." By Harald Höffding. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- "Paris Waits, 1914." By M. E. Clarke. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)
- "The Histories of Tacitus." Translated by G. G. Ramsay. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "Within the Tides." By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 6s.)

A NEW language, that of the Esquimaux, has just gained a place in the world of books through the medium of a volume called "Singnagtugag"—in English, "The Dream,"—written by an Esquimaux clergyman, and published in Greenland in his native tongue. The author, Mathias Storch, is the son of a seal-hunter in the far North, and his book records incidents and impressions of his boyhood which throw much fresh light on the customs of the Esquimaux. A Danish correspondent who has examined the book, tells me that it has a distinct ironic vein which finds expression in the conclusion—a dream of a self-governed Greenland two hundred years hence.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD has written a book called "John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections, with Biographical Notes," which will be published in May by the Cuala Press, Dundrum, Dublin.

"THE NATIONS' HISTORIES" is the title of a new series of historical manuals which Messrs. Jack intend to begin during the present season. The volumes will differ from other histories in the attention given to physical and topographical features in determining the development of the different European nations, and to the archaeological and architectural remains which are the standing monuments of past achievement. Each volume will contain an appendix giving the present state of the country in full detail. The first three to be published—"Russia" by Dr. Harold W. Williams, "Germany" by Mr. W. T. Waugh, and "Poland" by Mr. G. E. Slocombe—are all likely to be read with interest at the present moment.

NEXT month the same publishers will issue "German Culture," a volume in which a number of writers attempt to give a balanced estimate of what Germany has contributed to the higher life and thought of the world in various departments of knowledge. A list of the writers and their subjects shows that the book will not be lacking in authority. It includes "German History and Character" by Professor Richard Lodge, "German Science" by Professor Arthur Thomson, "German Philosophy" by Professor A. D. Lindsay, "German Politics and Political Philosophy" by Professor D. H. MacGregor, "German Literature" by Professor Lees, while art, music, and theology are dealt with by Professor Baldwin Brown, Professor Tovey, and Professor W. P. Paterson respectively.

FAMILY histories are to the general reader among the most tedious of compilations, unless the family whose history is related numbers some notable personages among its members. This claim to attention can certainly be made for two family histories announced for this spring. "The History of the Evelyn Family" by Miss Helen Evelyn, which Mr. Nash has in the press, will contain some fresh facts about the author of the famous "Diary," together with a full memoir by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt of the

late Mr. W. J. Evelyn, M.P. The other work treats of "The Mellards and their Descendants," and has been written by Mr. A. L. Reade, who is favorably known to Johnsonians by his two volumes of "Johnsonian Gleanings." It includes a memoir, the first that has been written, of Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," one of the most successful novels of the mid-nineteenth century.

IN the review of Sir Mortimer Durand's "Life of Sir Alfred Lyall" which he contributed to THE NATION, Mr. Augustine Birrell remarked with disappointment that Lyall's letters did not appear to have been of great use to the biographer. An interesting sidelight is thrown on this fact by the essay on "English Letter-Writing in the Nineteenth Century" to be found in the notable collection of "Studies in Literature and History" by Sir Alfred Lyall, a notice of which appears in another column. He there challenges the common view that the art of letter-writing is on the decline, but he admits that good letters are often suppressed owing to "the fitful and somewhat feminine temper of an inquisitive yet censorious society." The public enjoys and yet condemns unmeasured confidences, with the result that expurgation is freely employed in such letters as are printed in biographies. "And so we get clever, sensible letters of men who have travelled, worked, and mixed much in society, who have already put into essays or reviews all that they wanted the public to know, and whose private doubts, or follies, or frolics, have been neatly removed from their correspondence." If the shadow of eventual publicity and criticism is always in the background, a man will either be guarded in what he writes, or will take measures to secure discretion on the part of a future biographer.

How comes it that so few of Mr. Kipling's readers are acquainted with "The Naulakha," the novel which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Wolcott Balestier, and which was published in the same year as the "Barrack-Room Ballads"? I notice that it is included in the "Service" edition of Mr. Kipling's works which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing, and I also see that it is rather sharply criticised in the essay on "The Anglo-Indian Novelist" in Sir Alfred Lyall's book. In that essay, written with Sir Alfred Lyall's unrivalled knowledge of the subject, there is a full programme for any publisher who may contemplate issuing a library of Anglo-Indian fiction. First on the list comes Meadows Taylor's "Tara," of which Sir Alfred Lyall says that "no Indian novel has been written which displays better acquaintance with the distinctive varieties of castes, races, and habits, that make up the composite population of India." It and the anonymous "Pandurang Hari" are, in Sir Alfred Lyall's opinion, the only two novels worth mention that have preserved true pictures of the times before "all the wild irregularity of Indian circumstance and rulership had been flattened down under the irresistible pressure of English law and order." Two other novels of the days before the Mutiny, which Sir Alfred Lyall thought worthy of notice, are John Lang's "The Wetherbys" and "Oakfield" by William D. Arnold, Matthew Arnold's brother, whose death is commemorated in the stanzas called "A Southern Night."

SIR ALFRED LYALL's criticism of the Indian novels written since the Mutiny is that they find very little room for natives, though he cites as exceptions Mr. J. B. Paton's "Bijli, the Dancer," and Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters." Among those that treat mainly of Anglo-Indian society he praises Sir Mortimer Durand's "Helen Treveryan" and Sir George Chesney's "A True Reformer" and "The Dilemma," while he dismisses Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" as not entitled, by whatever standard it be measured, to a high place on the list of Anglo-Indian fiction. Sir Alfred Lyall concludes his essay by recommending the future Anglo-Indian novelist to study Tolstoy's "The Cossacks," "as an example of the true impress that can be made upon a reader's mind by the literary art, when it succeeds in giving vivid interest to the picture of a solitary officer's life upon a dull and distant frontier."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

SIR ALFRED LYALL ON THE WAR OF 1870.

"Studies in Literature and History." By Sir ALFRED LYALL. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It would be difficult to say how much the British Empire owes to the type of Englishman of which Sir Alfred Lyall was so distinguished a representative. The chief danger to any extensive and ambitious system of government is the bureaucrat, and it was a rare piece of good fortune that gave to a race, not conspicuous for the qualities of imagination or sensibility, a succession of officials who brought to their difficult task the human interests of the scholar and the instinctive toleration of the Liberal. One of the chief causes of misgiving among those who study Indian questions at the present time is the tendency of the Indian Civil Service, under the pressure of modern life, to become more bureaucratic, to lose touch with the life and thought and traditions of the peoples of India, to become engrossed in the impersonal business of administration. For the difficult and delicate stage that we have now reached in our relations with India we need all the help we can get from the sympathy and insight of rulers and administrators to whom the spiritual life of India, its history, its art, its thought, are significant and real. We shall be lucky if we find many men to carry on the great traditions of the school that produced "Asiatic Studies."

This volume consists of articles that Sir Alfred Lyall contributed to reviews and magazines in the last years of his life. They reflect the range of his interests, the interests of a scholar and a man of letters who is as ready to discuss the Utilitarians or the characteristics of Swinburne's poetry as he is to examine in the light of his own experience the special influences of race and religion in the politics of the world. It is impossible to survey the twenty topics of which he treats; we may note two that are of special interest just now. In his first essay on the Novel, he suggests that Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen stamped its lasting form on the Novel of Manners, and that what they did for the Novel of Manners Scott did for the Novel of Adventure. There is a special interest at the present moment in reflecting on the circumstances under which the novel took its modern form. Sir Alfred Lyall remarks that "the electricity of that stormful period which comprises the last years of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century seems to have generated an efflorescence of high original capacity in the department of imagination as well as of action." To us living once again in the electricity of a great European crisis, it seems one of the greatest achievements of our ancestors that they were able to produce great pictures and great books at a time when the world was waking every morning for twenty years to the horrors and the dangers of a tremendous war. Was it that the mind, by some instinct for its own salvation, turned with a fierce and determined energy to the creation of another world than this world of torment and tumult? Of course, there was more in that existing air than the atmosphere of war. There was the moral inspiration of the French Revolution, producing its own literature, first of rapture, and then of disenchantment. And there was also the spectacle of the Industrial Revolution. It is sometimes argued that it was the repulsive face of the new industrial civilization that drove men to write romantic novels and romantic poetry; that Sir Walter Scott represents the revolt of the imagination from the hideous present. Sir Alfred Lyall couples the names of Miss Burney and Miss Austen in the history of the novel of manners. If we compare "Evelina" with "Sense and Sensibility," we have no hint of the vast convulsion that had shaken England in the interval. We wonder what would happen now if this war lasted twenty years. Perhaps we should all get used to it as a man gets used to being deaf or to the loss of an arm. The excitement and the horror of the war would pass into our subconsciousness, and we should live as usual, except that we should be a little more irritable. Already we can notice a change in ourselves and our friends since the first haunting nightmare of last summer.

Another of these essays has a special interest at the present moment; it is the review of the volume of M. Ollivier's History that discusses the Franco-German War. It is curious now to remember that the plot so successfully arranged by Bismarck was defended as a counter-stroke to the French plan of a triple alliance between France, Austria, and Italy. On the Prussian side the arrangements were made with a scientific accuracy and skill that have, fortunately, been lacking in the carefully laid schemes of their successors. In May, 1870, Ollivier was Foreign Minister, but in that month, seeing no cause to expect trouble abroad, he handed that department over to the Duc de Gramont; it was next month that the news burst on France that Leopold of Hohenzollern had accepted the Crown of Spain. Everything had been rehearsed by the conspirators, and when Benedetti, the French Ambassador, went to the Berlin Foreign Office, he found that Bismarck was absent at his country house and the King at Ems. The Under-Secretary replied that Prussia had no concern with the affair, and that the Spanish people had a right to choose their own King. The French Government were in a fix, for they could hardly demand satisfaction from Spain. In this dilemma, they took what Sir Alfred Lyall considers, with M. Ollivier, to have been the right course. They made a very emphatic declaration to the Chamber which was equivalent to an ultimatum to Prussia. "We may agree with M. Ollivier," say Sir Alfred Lyall, "that this outspoken warning to Prussia was at the moment judicious and effective; and we may admit that up to this point no exception could be taken to the procedure of the French Government." Lord Morley takes a different view in his "Life of Gladstone." "These rash words of challenge were the first of the French disasters."

Whatever view is taken of the first step, there can be no difference of opinion about the later conduct of the French Government. At a moment when we are discussing the merits of public and private diplomacy, it is interesting to note in that fatal week an illustration of the dangers of combining the two at a time of public excitement. Many persons think that there would have been no Boer War in 1899 if the negotiations had been in the hands of Lord Salisbury, and Lord Milner's despatch had not been published. In this case it looked, at the end of a week, as if the cause of dispute had vanished, and even the French Emperor observed at one point that there was nothing left over which to quarrel. But diplomacy became public at two critical moments—in one case, Ollivier's indiscretion, in the other Bismarck's Machiavellism, being to blame—with disastrous results.

The Hohenzollern candidature, as everyone knows, was withdrawn, and this was due in part to the strong pressure put on Leopold's father, Prince Antoine, by the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, who had known nothing of the plot. Prince Antoine telegraphed this decision to the German newspapers and to the Spanish Ambassador at Paris. All that was now necessary in the eyes of all foreign observers (including our Ambassador, Lord Lyons, who was most friendly to France) was for the King of Prussia to receive and approve this intimation, when the whole affair would be at an end. Unfortunately, Ollivier, in the first moment of relief, communicated the news of Leopold's withdrawal in the Chamber, and public feeling in France becoming violently excited and elated, there arose a general demand for further assurances from Prussia. Diplomacy again became more secret than ever, for the fatal telegram to Benedetti, instructing him to demand guarantees from the King of Prussia, was not the act of the French Cabinet, but of a Council at St. Cloud, when only one Cabinet Minister, Gramont, was present; Ollivier himself was horrified when he heard of it. This false move saved the situation for Bismarck, who had been in despair; by doctoring the telegram from the King, which informed him of his answer to Benedetti's importunate applications, he provoked the storm that swept the weak French Government into war. For the war, Ollivier himself has probably been more blamed than he has deserved, and Sir Alfred Lyall discusses judiciously his share in the responsibility. "He was the victim of a system that had placed him before the public as the nominal head of a Cabinet that he was supposed to have formed and of a party in the Chamber that he was expected to lead;

whereas, in fact, he had no proper control over the policy in the Cabinet, and no solid support in the Chamber." Ollivier had been one of the leaders of the Liberal Opposition, and it was his hard fortune to be entangled so fatally in the evil legacy of the system which the Emperor had at last been obliged to discard. But nobody is exempt from blame. The war, as Sir Alfred Lyall puts it, was the outcome of a situation in which weakness and rashness were matched against unscrupulous statecraft and the deep-laid combinations of a consummate strategist.

PRECOCIOUS POETRY.

"The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolben." Edited, with a Memoir, by ROBERT BRIDGES. (Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

POETRY is the least absolute of all the arts. We have lately seen some determined attempts to make painting an absolute art; and that music is, or can be this, is a familiar assertion. Strictly, there is no such thing as an absolute art. The forms of beauty, like the forms of truth, cannot exist without some matter to exist in; beauty must take up some kind of experience for its embodiment. But the specifically artistic genius is, no doubt, a genius for beauty; that is to say, a genius for exact formality; for it is formality that we really mean—formality in the deepest sense, in the sense that includes symmetry, order, definition, coherence, rhythm, grace—when we speak of beauty in art. The artist's imagination, then, is a union of experience—of life, in fact—with formality; a union in which the latter is always the predominant partner. But the various arts have various degrees of that predominance. The importance of formality in music and architecture is so overwhelming that the specific quality of art is in them as nearly absolute as it can be. Painting, too, is obviously capable of being a preeminently formal art. But poetry can never be that; though formality is still the specific quality, the force of a poem consists almost as much in the substance subdued as in the form subduing. The poetic imagination, far more than the imagination of any other art, requires conspicuousness and solidity of experience to work in if its genius for beauty is to be efficacious.

Now, the genius for beauty is innate, a gift from heaven; in itself it may begin to be operative in the mind that possesses it as soon as the mind has the status of human being—which may be in quite early days of childhood, as has been several times proved in music. Experience, however (which, for art, need not, of course, be external experience), comes only with growth. While, therefore, it is quite what we should expect, that music, the most formal of the arts, should be of all the arts the most precocious; and that painting, next to music in predominance of formality, should be next also in precocity; it is also just what we should expect that, compared with music and painting, there should be scarcely such a thing as precocious poetry, since poetry demands actual experience as much as formative genius. We are confining ourselves, of course, to work of real value. The most signal instance of poetic precocity is, probably, Milton's "Nativity Ode"; twenty-one for such an achievement in poetry is an astonishingly precocious age. But there have been many musicians, and some painters, who have quite settled down to their work by that age. It is simply that the mere genius for beauty can have a much more decisive result in music than in poetry; and this genius may well be in full power long before experience has had any remarkable growth—long before, at any rate, it has become a possible substance for poetry. This insufficiency of pure beauty in poetry, this dependence on experience, has persuaded some people that the other arts must be intrinsically superior; whereas one would rather suppose it to be the peculiar glory of poetry, that in it the spirit of beauty is never effective unless it is recognizably transfiguring the crass substance of existence. That poetry is bound by its very nature to do this, is, at any rate, the reason why this art can be so seldom precocious; and it is also the reason why precocious poetry, when it does occur, is so very interesting—not simply because of its rarity, but far more because it must be the

result as much of notable character as of notable mind, of character able very early to acquire the solid wealth of experience which poetic formality needs for its effective embodiment.

Dr. Bridges claims that the poems of Digby Mackworth Dolben must be among the most remarkable instances of precocity in poetry. Without always agreeing with Dr. Bridges's estimate of individual pieces, candor will easily allow the claim on the whole. And our chief curiosity, in consequence, will be concerned with Dolben's character. If we had to convince anyone of his position as a poet, our choice would light on some such passage as this:—

"Far above the shaken trees,
In the pale blue palaces,
Laugh the high gods at their ease;
We with tossed incense woo them,
We with all abasement sue them,
But shall never climb unto them,
Nor see their faces.

"When we pass away in fire,
What is found beyond the pyre?
Sleep, the end of all desire.
Lo, for this the heroes fought;
This the gem the merchant bought,
This the seal of labored thought
And subtilty."

The clear simplicity and ease of this will not deceive anyone who has been careful to understand the nature of poetry. Such serenely successful art, such apparent sufficiency of mere formal statement, means, in poetry, that the purely artistic faculty has had anything but "free" play. Poetic beauty like that is not due to sheer genius for beauty; it is due to the fact that the genius for beauty has had to subdue something; and, in the origin of those lines, what had to be subdued was as important as the subduing power. If we understand poetry at all, in fact, we understand in those verses that art has had a wrestle with experience. We can see pretty well, from this one quotation, what sort of art Dolben had at his command; but we cannot see so clearly what sort of character it was that supplied the art with experience firm enough and real enough for poetry to shape itself in. We can only be sure, with astonishment, when we learn that the writer of those lines was drowned at the age of nineteen, that his character was altogether exceptional. So, of course, was his mental talent; but that precocity would have been poetically helpless had it not been joined with a deeper, a psychical precocity—an accompaniment by no means inevitable. The really extraordinary thing was the depth and actuality of the experiences which he could submit as material for his talent to fashion.

Mr. Bridges's memoir—a piece of exquisite biography—exactly satisfies the curiosity which Dolben's poetry provokes. It gives us a clear and loving and perfectly discriminated account of Dolben's singular character. We can only indicate the psychology which made it possible for him to write fine poetry at an age when the great majority of poets, if they were conscious of being poets at all, were scribbling mild exercises. Dolben's character flowed in two main channels of experience; it was, of course, always inward experience, but none the less searching and actual. In the first place, his mind was dominated by a passion for saintliness; the passion dominated, but could not domineer. A whimsy for ritualism and monkery is not at all an uncommon thing among boys; but it is a thing which has scarcely any relation with what Dolben's mind seems to have been. His Christianity, too, was ritualist and monkish, and drawn to the dogmatic; but it was a truly Dominican fervor in him—Dominic was the very appropriate "religious name" he at one time chose for himself. The impression given by his letters, and by the various accounts of him collected by Mr. Bridges, is that Christian speculation, as well as Christian conduct, formed an ideal which profoundly determined his nature—an ideal which he had set himself with passion to realize in his life. This was the dominating factor in him; but it had a rival. The Christian ideal had to make way in him, not against the common inertia of human nature, but against another ideal which Dolben called his "intellectual temptation." It was the old antithesis of Christian Rome and Pagan Athens;

the Catholic Church in Dolben's mind was pitted against Apollo. Mr. Bridges says that the Hellenic ideal grew stronger with him as he grew older; how the conflict would have ended we cannot tell; the reality of the conflict is the important thing for us to note. Dolben's Christianity was too consuming and exacting to allow of any easy-going alliance with Apollo. He knew that the Catholic ideal and the Hellenic ideal are opponents as mutually relentless as any two things can be. His Christianity (as Christianity always must when it is a rigorous philosophy as well as a sentiment) saw Apollyon in Apollo. Nevertheless, the beauty of Hellenism was an experience with him scarcely less mastering than its antithesis, the fervor of Christianity.

This, it will be allowed, was an unusual sort of conflict to agitate the spirit of a boy who died before he was out of his teens. But it was not so much the actual conflict that enabled Dolben's mental talent, the formalizing vigor of his brain, to be fashioning poetry at the age when most poets are merely practising. The conflict does, to be sure, find some direct expression in his poems; particularly in the blank verse soliloquy spoken by "Brother Jerome seated in the cloister," remarkable more for its stuff than its style. After much of this sort of facility:—

"O sunny Athens, home of life and love,
Free joyous life that I may never live,
Warm glowing love that I may never know,"

the poem ends in a poignant, and even agonized, tone, in which we suddenly hear the thrill of a dramatized personal confession:—

"Then hark! I hear from many a lonely grave,
From blood-stained sands of amphitheatres,
From loathsome dungeon, and from blackened stake
They cry, the Martyrs cry, 'Behold the Man!'
Is there no place in all the universe
To hide me in? No little island girt
With waves, to drown the echo of that cry:
'Behold the Man, the Man of Calvary!'"

That is not great poetry; but it is poetry that can securely capture an emotion, and make it artistically impressive. The æsthetic formality is simple enough; it is effective because it can contain substance which, we feel, has intense reality. The boy who wrote those lines had assuredly *lived*, with an exultation divided against itself, the two opposite experiences of Greek beauty and Christian conviction; into the height of either passion the reproach of the other would intrude. But the conflict itself was not, we say, the most important thing in Dolben's poetic psychology; the result of the conflict was even more decisive. Had either of these two ideals engaged by itself Dolben's enthusiasm, we might have had from him nothing better than the innocent verses of an accomplished schoolboy; he would probably have exulted in his choice, schoolboy fashion, without really knowing why he did so—without, in fact, truly experiencing the ideal. But the two ideals co-existed, and were at war in him; and each of them had, in consequence, to justify itself in his mind as a vital principle, not merely as a body of doctrine. Sincerity started the conflict; and the conflict, in turn, made greater and greater demands on his sincerity; it demanded, indeed, that, to the limits of his capacity, each of the opposing ideals should be tested, intensely realized, assessed in terms of personal experience. The result was that he was able to give original expression to some aspect of one ideal or the other with the bare simplicity which is only possible when reality of experience underlies it. This is particularly the case with the Hellenic ideal; the Christian poems have been, to our thinking, somewhat overrated by Dolben's admirers, remarkable though they are. Perhaps we may suppose from this that Hellenism would have conquered at last in him.

We have already quoted one instance of Dolben's successful Hellenism; another and much more notable one is the beautiful poem "Core," which has stanzas of such perfect simplicity and exactly appropriate music as this:—

"Thou art beautiful, and I
Beautiful; I know not why,
Save to love before we die."

The few poems that can be grouped with this will prove, we believe, to be Dolben's real contribution to English poetry. But there are also several translations from Greek lyrics and Latin hymns which are finely adequate; and the

ability to rely on simple, profound experience, musically stated, promoted an habitual lucidity and easy grace of style which is charming in several slight poems, of which this verse may stand as a specimen:—

"Beautiful, oh beautiful—
In all the mountain passes
The plenteous dowers of April showers
Which every spring amasses,
To bring about thro' summer drought
The blossoming of the grasses."

The text of the poems presented some difficulties; Dolben's accidental death left his manuscripts in inevitable disorder. Dr. Bridges's insight and personal recollections of his school friend have given us, probably, as sound a text as we could hope for. It is worth while calling attention, perhaps, to one editorial lapse which we cannot quite account for, but which may easily be rectified. The blank verse poem, "From the Cloister," from which we have quoted, is printed in a revised version, except for one line which appears as it was first written:—

"But clinging lichen, and black shrivelled moss."

"The revision," says Dr. Bridges, "transposes *clinging* and *shrivelled*: manifestly because *shrivelled* does not describe moss." It does not; but it exactly does describe lichen, and "black clinging moss" is very good, too. The correction is so obvious that the epithets, one might hazard, were at first transposed by a mere slip of the pen in writing out; and after Dolben had restored his quite admirable line to its proper arrangement, it is difficult to see why his editor should have gone back, in this single line, to the weakness of the first version.

THE OTHER GREAT WAR.

"A History of the Peninsular War." By CHARLES OMAN.
Vol. V. (Clarendon Press. 14s. net.)

IN the midst of this appalling struggle, it is a consolation and encouragement to recall the difficulties with which our great grandfathers were confronted during the only conflict in our history that can be named as parallel to the present. The differences are obvious, and on the whole they are in our favor. Our wealth is better organized and probably larger even in proportion to our population. The general knowledge and intelligence of the people stand much higher. Our command of the sea, in spite of submarines and mines, is more complete than it was even after Trafalgar. We are on friendly terms with America instead of being generally hostile and ultimately at war. Our alliances are more powerful and more trustworthy. Above all, we have no reason at present to suppose that we are contending against a military genius at all comparable to Napoleon's.

Yet the similarity is sufficiently close to give a present and immediate interest to such a work as Professor Oman's history. The fifth volume of this courageous undertaking is of especial value now. We call the undertaking courageous because it needs courage to rewrite a period of history already covered by an authoritative classic like Napier's minute and first-hand account. It is so easy to accept a book of such established reputation as final, or if research discovers errors in it, to think they are scarcely worth the trouble of correction. Yet Professor Oman has not shrunk from a task which might have appeared needless or invidious to a fainter heart. As a result, he is giving us one of the finest military histories in our language. Not that Napier can ever be superseded. There are passages of description and personal memory in Napier which no subsequent writer dare try to alter or improve. Professor Oman freely admits it. But, not to speak of the many documents which the new historian has been able to bring to light, time has released him from the personal and political prejudices which beset and at times misguided Napier. The personal interest may be less, for contemporary prejudices always add a spice of attraction. But the final judgment is likely to be more exact and sane.

On two main points, for instance, in the present volume, Professor Oman is at variance with Napier. He thinks the commonly accepted condemnation of the British Government's behavior towards Wellington is unjust. He believes

that, considering their surrounding difficulties, their shortness of cash, and the intrigues of the Opposition, they did their utmost to support the General in his dubious enterprise. And, again, he attributes Napier's condemnation of Soult's inactivity in Andalusia during those months of 1812 to personal gratitude for Soult's courtesy to him while he was collecting material for his work. In both cases, time has removed the causes of distortion. No one is now misled by the politeness of a Napoleonic marshal, and even to Liverpool and Castlereagh it is possible to be fair.

And the present volume is of especial value now because it marks the turn of fortune after a long period of alternate deadlock and depression. The period covered is from October, 1811, to the end of August, 1812. At the beginning, Wellington had already been in command for two-and-a-half years. He had cleared Portugal, had attempted an advance on Madrid, had fought Talavera; but, in despair of adequate Spanish help, had withdrawn behind his Torres Vedras lines, and clung on there, defying the efforts of Masséna and Soult. For a time he had hopes of forcing his way through Badajoz and Madrid into Catalonia, but the French kept Portugal locked in by the gates of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and in the autumn of 1811 they occupied nearly all Spain, being only harassed by Spanish irregular bands. The volume opens at one of the darkest hours of Wellington's career. The only gleam of light was the probability of Napoleon's breach with Alexander and an invasion of Russia.

Fortunately for the British, that gleam brightened and grew as regiment after regiment of the Imperial Guard and other chosen troops was recalled to France. What was even more important, the design against Russia kept Napoleon himself at a distance. In Paris he fell into a general's worst mistake. Without knowing the circumstances of his subordinates in Spain, he gave them orders which could only arrive some three weeks too late. Professor Oman gives a notable instance in the orders sent by Napoleon to Marmont in February, 1812—orders which drew from Marmont the penetrating remark, only too true of Napoleon during the whole of that fatal year: "Il suppose vrai ce qu'il voudrait trouver existant."

Owing to this incalculable error, so tempting to even the finest minds which trust their own ignorance rather than the knowledge of inferiors—owing to this and the withdrawal of the most formidable French troops, Wellington resolved to break out into Spain early in the New Year of 1812. With successive rapid and terrible strokes, he opened the way by the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo (January 19th) and of Badajoz (April 6th). Salamanca, perhaps Wellington's most characteristic though not his greatest battle, followed (July 22nd), and three weeks later he entered Madrid, calm and rather contemptuous amid the wild enthusiasm of popular welcome. Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca are the three main points of the present volume, and the history of each is told with exact detail and absorbing interest. For grandeur and terror of description, nothing can surpass such passages in Napier as the account of the failure to rush the main breaches at Badajoz. Yet here we seem to understand the movements better, and even on the picturesque and romantic side something is added. Here, for instance, we find the splendid story of a Spanish girl's rescue by Harry Smith, who afterwards gave his own name and hers to the South African towns of Harrismith and Ladysmith. And sometimes we are given a touch of humor, as when we read the protests against luxury raised by an old Revolutionary hero in the French Army near Salamanca. A quotation from a fellow-officer's memoir says:—

"He ascended the pulpit of the village church and thundered against the abuse of horses (for officers) in the infantry; he would make an end of all baggage carried on mules or asses, but most especially of the officers' riding-horses. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'in 1793 we were allowed a haversack as our only baggage, a stone as our only pillow.' Well—it was a long time since 1793; we were in 1812, and the speaker, this old and gallant soldier, had six baggage mules himself."

In terrible contrast, as an instance of what war really means, Professor Oman quotes from the "Recollections" of Col. P. P. Nevill, who was present at the sack of Badajoz:—

"In passing what appeared to be a religious house, I saw two soldiers dragging out an unfortunate nun, her

clothes all torn; in her agony she knelt and held up a cross. Remorse seized one of the men, who appeared more sober than the other, and he swore she should not be outraged. The other soldier drew back a step and shot his comrade dead."

Similar detailed accounts given by eye-witnesses prove that war in all ages is much the same, and even external conditions in the Peninsular often remind us of the methods in the present campaign. Both at Rodrigo and Badajoz, for instance, we read of bitter cold and wet in the trenches. One of the officers at the former noted in his diary that the men had to ford a freezing stream up to their middles to reach their places, and so "every man carried a pair of iced breeches into the trenches with him." And at Badajoz "the men were actually flooded out of the trenches by the accumulated water, which was almost knee-deep." We wonder what became of the "frost-bite" cases in those days! We should like to know a good deal more about the treatment of the wounded and the system of supply. Marmont, it is true, wrote enviously to Napoleon that seven or eight thousand pack-mules brought up the daily food for Wellington's army, and that hay for his cavalry was actually sent out from England. But there is much more we should like to ask. How was the army really fed? What did those savage and heroic men and women think of their rations? How was England herself fed when the war with America drove wheat up to 130s. a quarter? But we must conclude by quoting one tribute to our great General. It was written by Foy, that capable and clear-sighted officer in the French army at Salamanca:—

"This battle," he says, "is the most masterly in its management, the most considerable in the number of troops engaged, and the most important in results of all the victories that the English have gained in these latter days. It raises Lord Wellington almost to the level of Marlborough. Hitherto we had been aware of his prudence, his eye for choosing a position, and his skill in using it. At Salamanca he has shown himself a great and able master of manœuvres."

It is high praise, and in the months after Salamanca Wellington needed all the prudence and skill it implies. After the brilliant triumph in Madrid, a period of deep gloom and apprehension set in, and Wellington was again compelled to retire upon the Douro. But the tide was none the less on the turn. That autumn was marked by Moscow; the following summer by Vittoria.

A MOTLEY.

- "The Gifted Few." By NOEL FLEMING. (Lyndwood. 6s.)
 "The Lady of the Reef." By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "They who Question." ANONYMOUS. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
 "The Dark Tower." By F. BRETT YOUNG. (Secker. 6s.)
 "Years of Plenty." By IVOR BROWN. (Secker. 6s.)

THE average modern novel is not constructed on artistic principles. That is a platitude. But it opens interesting avenues of analysis. If a novel turns its back on art, what principle presides over its manufacture? There are obvious replies. There is "the strong heart interest," the sensational hotch-potch, and the rest. But perhaps the most significant and prolific method is the "stunt." The "stunt" does not imply a fashion or a shibboleth. It does not even quite mean an artificial situation. It means, in fact, a kind of gymnastic, a kind of contortion.

"The Gifted Few" is a perfect example of the "stunt." Dr. Crispian is an eminent specialist who is kindly, but old and obtuse. Ann Farnborough is a refined young lady who is spirited but obtuse, and still in hail of the twenties. They marry each other, Ann apparently because she is bored with poverty and wants money for her brother's career; the doctor apparently because he likes to imagine himself in the part of beneficent paternalism. We say "apparently," for, of course, they really love one another—but that is part of the "stunt." Well, the doctor at once assumes another guise—that of the picturesque martyr. Ann cannot love him; he is too old and wilted. And so he will go on a perilous West African mission of healing and leave Ann to her self-development. Ann, on the other hand, is of opinion

that he thinks her too frivolous, because he will not take her with him. There you have it—the novel of misunderstanding, a lack of common sense to which ordinary living people would never dream of falling victims. The rest is simply a process of realization—loneliness, self-abnegation, the perils of West Africa, and recognition—no, not of their mutual absurdities, but, as the novelist calls it, that they loved each other all the time.

"The Lady of the Reef" is an even more emphatic, an even more delightful, instance of the same thing. Walter Masseroun is an artist who comes to live in his ancestral home in Ulster. He falls in love with our Lady of the Reef, who (the symbolic touch) is fond of watching shipwrecks. Now, observe the subtlety of the Misunderstanding. The whole book revolves in the orbit of two sentences. Bertha will not marry Walter because she is "promised to another." At the same time, while he is kissing her, she remarks, "Thank God, I have lived!" Like the postman, the "stunt" has started its round. There is a long interval for Walter of despair, of speculation what the latter expression could have meant, and of flirting with somebody else. Then, on page 327, some person who is blessed with the inestimable quality of expressing the commonplace (it was lucky it did not come earlier in the story, or where would the novel have been?), tells Walter that "I am promised to another" means that Bertha feels it her duty to look after her dipsomaniac father, and that "Thank God, I have lived!" means that she loved him all the time. It is only in fogs and in novels that people cannot see their hands held up in front of their faces, and only in novels that people, out of an excess of delicacy, refrain from an easy discovery of what is vital to them and obvious to us. Otherwise, where would those three hundred pages be?

When Enid Malincourt, the mystical "saint," married Sir Philip Gurney, the Rationalist, we imagined that "They Who Question" was a reversion to the Victorian type of problem-romance, which delighted in making Reason the target for the bullet of religion. Enid, who is the kind of saint who pays periodic visits to the East-End in a brougham, has her faith shaken by the birth of a sickly child. But as we waited for the triumph of religion (the child should only have illustrated a "strategic retirement"), the story suddenly collapses. A venerable dean occupies the last fifteen pages with an obscure and valedictory sermon, the relevance of which to the suspended situation it is impossible to discern. The final statement that love "bends low beneath another's burden," and that courage "is content to face the rough places of the road for the sake of the light at the end of the journey," is, so far as a reconciliation between the conflicting attitudes of the mystic and the rationalist is concerned, to say the least of it, inapposite.

In "The Dark Tower" we are on a different plane of values altogether. It is a good specimen of the ultra-literary novel. The plot is a skeleton. It concerns the tragically futile life-history of the old Norman family of the Grosmonts, who have fallen upon evil and modern days. There are three of them—Charles, the amiably drunken and swashbuckling squire of the dilapidated estate; Judith, his wife, an elusive child, half rustic and half "fey"; and her brother-in-law, Alaric, a queer, out-at-heels, gentle romanticist, who is for ever trying to force his nose to the grindstone of realities. There is a kind of dramatic climax to their complex inter-relationships, a climax in which futility, pathos, and tragedy mingle their properties. But it is the execution rather than the material that betrays the literary man, rather over-burdened by an analytic mentality. The story, like Mr. Conrad's "Chance," is narrated by a chorus, each member of which regards the Grosmonts from different angles of perception, according to their several experiences, temperaments, and sympathies. Nor is this all. The framework of the story is festooned with allusion, embroidery, and symbolism. For sheer workmanship, the book is exceedingly ingenious and suggestive, so varied and subtle are its searchlights. But its complicated literary machinery gives it a certain artificiality, which removes it,

for all its insight, from the direct and intimate appeal of a work of art.

Mr. Brown's novel is one of the most readable we have seen for some time. Though, like Mr. Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," it deals with the mental and emotional experiences of an inquisitive, cultivated, and sceptical youth at school and at Oxford (Martin Leigh is rather like Michael Fane in a less voluble way); it dispenses entirely with that elaboration of detail which was "Sinister Street's" failure and achievement. It is neither an ambitious nor a pretentious book, and is agreeably served by an adroit and easy style. It is full both of malice and of tolerance—qualities which it would do no harm to our more serious young novelists to foster. Its weakest feature is its account of Martin's relations with women, which are fantastic. It is rather a series of brisk pen portraits than an attempt at a psychological entity. And it is none the worse for that, for Mr. Brown obviously meant nothing else. There are, too, some good jokes scattered here and there. When Martin goes up to Balliol (why King's? It is as bad as those mongrel coinings of "Oxbridge" and "Camford") to try for a scholarship—he has rooms belonging to a Rhodes' scholar:—

"On the wide expanse of shelves there stood six lonely volumes—fine large volumes on law and the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám. At the beginning of each was written: 'E Libris, Theo. K. Snutch.'"

That "E Libris" is a master-stroke.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A Vagabond in New York." By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

If we are to accept Mr. Hueffer's declaration that these sketches of his upon the underworld of New York are "founded on fact," we must have our way that their superstructure is rather imaginative Gothic. After all, it need be no impeachment of their verisimilitude if they read like an extravaganza or an Arabian Night's entertainment, and, if they happen to be true, they certainly reflect the greatest credit upon Mr. Hueffer's capacity for picaresque experience. The writer seems to have been all mankind's epitome beneath the margin of respectability and £3 a week. He was an assistant in a "delicatessen" (i.e., tainted canned meat) store and in the pea-nut trade; a murder reporter; a devil in a picture-play; a Hindu magician; a bar-attendant; a mahout in a Coney Island circus; an assistant door-keeper in a gambling-hell; an ice-cream vendor on an excursion steamer; a living advertisement for a razor-stop; a black-leg stoker, and everything else disreputable and Defoeish. He seems to have possessed an extraordinary ability for getting and losing his jobs, and a genius for burlesque and adaptability. And, with all his romantic susceptibility for fiction or—shall we say—improving on the truth, he is admirably free from illusion. Whatever his career, at least, he avoided Tammany and officialdom; indeed, he makes it quite clear that he would have been far too scrupulous. Though it borders on the farcical, it is a brisk and jaunty book. But Mr. Hueffer, with his boundless possibilities, might very well have given us a little more introspection and analysis of the psychology of the outcast.

* * *

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The Week in the City.

On Thursday afternoon I spent half-an-hour in a West-End club, and then went into the city. In the club I found people very cheerful. A report had gone round that good news might be expected from Turkey which would hasten the ending of the war. In the City I found things gloomy. Everyone realises that each month added to the war increases the acuteness of the liquidation and the magnitude of the public and private bankruptcies which are to follow; and on this particular afternoon pessimism seemed to be general. No one that I met saw any rift in the clouds. The going of the Kitchener Armies to the front seems to have multiplied enormously the anxieties of the well-to-do, who have hitherto hardly realised the horrors of war. City men think a great deal about finance, but still more about flesh and blood. The thought of their sons going into the trenches to undergo all the horrors of the most atrocious warfare ever known, accounts for the gloom that has settled over so many City men. The desire for peace is expressed quite openly, though no one quite sees how this consummation can be reached until either the German or the Austrian Government shows its readiness to make very big concessions. One

banker, in reply to a question about the solvency of Continental States, said: "I cannot see how they will be able to pay interest if the war lasts much longer; but we are living from day to day and doing our best to provide for difficulties as they crop up." One hears that the German Exchange is again very weak and shaky—so much so that gold is being sent to Amsterdam from Berlin in rather large amounts. Money is still plentiful, and the City is glad to have French and Russian Treasury Bills, such is the lack of ordinary trade. There is much relief that Mr. Lloyd George has given up the proposal for a large joint loan. The City wishes British credit to be kept intact and independent.

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THE annual general meeting was held on the 23rd inst., on the company's premises, Oxford Street, W. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge presided, and in proposing the adoption of the report, said that it showed a net profit of £134,791 4s. 2d., to which must be added the amount carried forward from last year's accounts, £16,396 1s. 3d., making a total of £151,187 5s. 5d. Out of this have been paid £18,960 for Debenture interest, £32,337 for Preference dividend, and they now proposed to make the following appropriations: £25,000, being 5 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares—same as last year—and to be paid subject to deduction of income tax; £20,000 in reduction of preliminary expenses; £8,000 to depreciation of fixtures and fittings; £6,000 to writing down investments; leaving £40,800 to be carried forward. This amount was £24,000 more than last year, and was equal to a full year's dividend on the Preference capital.

In addition to the depreciations charged as working expenses, they had also appropriated from January, 1912, to date, upwards of £155,000 out of profits to betterment—and he thought they would agree that seeing they had been establishing a new business, this was very satisfactory.

While reasonably pleased with the year's results, the Chairman thought it hardly necessary to add that, except for the extraordinary conditions since August 1st, the profits would have been considerably higher. Their returns for 1914 had been much larger than for any previous year, and their gross profits for the twelve months were, in volume, largely in excess of those of the preceding or any former year, but their efforts during the months of the war had been more concentrated on "carrying on" than in closely scrutinising the expenses. During all the difficult months of last year, they made no arbitrary dismissals, reduced no salaries, and required no unusual holidays, or absences from duty.

The recent months had not been propitious ones in which to complete plans for opening the new provision departments across Oxford Street, but they had been opened, and although only two months old, were already doing a large business. He had every reason to believe that these departments, which had been extraordinarily successful from the morning the doors were opened, would develop into a very important portion of their business.

During the year they had purchased the business of Messrs. T. Lloyd & Co., Ltd., and by this purchase, and the acquisition of other leasehold interests in the premises, they had secured the great space on the west of their main building extending to Orchard Street. They had since completed negotiations with the ground landlord for a new lease for over 80 years of the whole of the property, on terms which were very fair and reasonable. The purchase of the business of T. Lloyd & Company and of the other premises, and the arrangements for the renewal of the leases, was a great step forward for their business and would undoubtedly secure a tremendous increase in the annual returns and resulting profits.

Concluding, the Chairman said that while, perhaps, a result which showed a few thousand pounds better profit than the year before might be considered very good, he had no hesitation, all things considered, in prophesying a decidedly better result for the year they had just entered. Theirs was a progressive, growing, rapidly-developing business, which, war or no war, was gathering to its 200 Departments constantly increasing numbers of London's buying public, and every day making more and more of them regular and permanent customers and friends.

The report was unanimously adopted.

A resolution was unanimously passed conferring powers upon the directors to borrow or raise additional capital to the extent of the issued share capital of the company for the time being.

A vote of thanks to the chairman and directors terminated the proceedings.

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CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

THE eleventh Annual General Meeting of this Company was held on the 25th inst. at the offices, 83, Pall Mall, Mr. E. Manville, M.I.E.E. (the Chairman), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman stated that the results of the past year's working might be summed up in that, with a net increase in premium income of only some £8,000, the assets had increased by no less than nearly £50,000—a ratio never before equalled or even approached by the corporation. In respect of the year 1912, against a net premium income of £291,919 they paid £167,297 in claims, and carried forward £136,306 as a reserve against unexpired liability and outstanding claims. In respect of the year 1913, against a net premium income of £340,148 they paid £185,464 in claims and carried forward £167,383 as a reserve against unexpired liability and outstanding claims. In respect of last year, 1914, against a net premium income of £348,452 they paid £188,863 in claims, and carried forward £191,150 as a reserve against unexpired liability and outstanding claims. That was an amount which should be more than sufficient to meet all the claim payments for the present year, leaving them entirely independent of their premium income, whatever that might be, which they might secure during 1915. In addition, they had their paid-up capital of £48,000 intact, together with a general reserve fund of £25,000, thus giving them further special reserves of £73,000. Some seventy of the salaried officials of the corporation had enlisted, and were now either under training, at foreign stations, or in the trenches.

As regards the future, the Chairman said he did not think they would maintain their premium income during the present year, although ever since the war began they had been and were still completing a very satisfactory volume of new business. He had pleasure once more in putting on record the introduction by the management of an insurance contract or policy which was revolutionary as regarded the usual practice. He referred to the "With Profits" policies which they were now issuing to owners of motor-cars, motor-cycles, and motor vehicles of every description, and to employers under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The reception of the contract had more than justified the hopes entertained by its author, the managing director. He thought they were justified in looking forward to whatever might be in store for them with equanimity, for the results disclosed in their balance-sheet for the past year seemed to prove, if they proved anything, that the business of the corporation was not only being conducted profitably, but that the "Car and General" was financially so securely founded that, even though the premium income were to be reduced by one-half, the shareholders' interests would not be detrimentally affected. Mr. Manville concluded by moving a resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax.

THE DAILY NEWS

CONTAINS THE

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Among those who have contributed signed reviews during the present year are:

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| E. M. Foster | R. Ellis Roberts |
| James Stephens | Philip Guedalla |
| H. W. Nevinson | Edward Thomas |
| Jane Harrison | A. W. Evans |
| William Archer | Mary Crosbie |
| Cicely Hamilton | J. C. Squire |
| Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell | Rebecca West |
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